

LETTERS

Moral and Entertaining,

In PROSE and VERSE.

By the AUTHOR of
FRIENDSHIP in DEATH.

PART III.

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. Worrall, at Judge Coke's
Head, over against St. Dunstan's Church in
Fleet-street. M DCC XXXIV. Price 1 s. 6 d.

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LETTERS

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PART III.

LETTER I.

*To Lady SOPHIA: The Sequel of the
Story of ROSALINDA.*



YOU will find me, dear Lady *Sophia*, in a more gay Disposition than when I writ my last Letter; perhaps the fair Season has some Influence on my Temper; the Spring is now in its Prime, and blooming Nature appears in all her various Pride; the Fields and Groves resound with artless Harmony; the Linnet and warbling Lark invite me often to rise with the fragrant Morning: nor am I unwilling to obey the gentle Summons, though till I came here I had never beheld the rising Sun; the Sight was as great a Novelty to me as a Blazing Star would have been: the opening Dawn was one of the *Arcana's* of Nature, into which my Curiosity had never pry'd. Indeed I had read many Poetical Descriptions of

Part III.

B

the

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the Rosy-finger'd Morning unbarring the Gates of Light, and deck'd in golden Vestments, beginning her Progress o'er the Eastern Hills; but I left *Aurora* to her rural Hours, without the least Inclination to trace her Footsteps in the pearly Dew. She was no Precedent for me; I was too polite to open my Eyes at such ungenteel Seasons; the Sun shone in vain, its Beams were useless till 'the modish World appeared.

But I have now conquer'd these Refinements, and can bear the aukward Custom of rising with the fresh Morning, and going to Bed when the dusky Evening closes, or I might keep my self awake while every other intelligent Being on this Part of the Globe sleeps; when human Affairs cease, and the calm Creation seems lull'd in a peaceful Slumber: Except Elves and Fairies; I cannot precisely determine what Hours they keep; but here is a Nurse in the Family who is intimately acquainted (as she says) with these sprightly Phantoms; she has been admitted to their Moon-light Revels, and has led me to many a Circle distinguished with perpetual Verdure, where they use to Dance their light fantastick Rounds. *Bridget* and *Joyce*, our two Dairy Maids, add their Testimony to the Nurse's, and relate their own visionary Experience. I am no great Infidel, sometimes I believe, and always with the pretty Stories they tell me were true; but I dare not object against any of those Relations, for fear of being thought a Heathen by the whole Village.

My



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My Circumstances are now very easy, my Mistress is fully persuaded my Education has been superiour to my present Station, and treats me more like a Sister than a Servant; I am under no Restraints but those of Gratitude and Justice, which will not suffer me to be idle where I know my self to be dependant.

For a Damsel of Quality I can work well enough with my Needle; and as this is all my Mistress will suffer me to do, I carry my Work to some verdant Retreat, of which here are great Variety, in a large Garden and wide Range of Orchard joining to the House. I am delighted with old fashion Bowers covered with Woodbine and Sweetbriar, and can sit as much at my Ease on a Bank of Camomile shaded with Lawrel, as ever I did in a painted Alcove. Maple-Trees and Box, with Bushes of Roses, are placed about in a very agreeable Disorder, the whole Scene appears gay, but wild above Rule or Art;

—While Nature here
Wantons as in her Prime, and plays at will
Her Virgin Fancies.—

The Orchard joining to it is spacious and fair as the *Hesperian* Inclosures, Violets, Primrose, and Crocus embroider the level Green, on which you tread; the Trees are set in Rows, their Branches mingle above, and are now in their gaudy Blossoms, the Birds sit careless on the flow'ry Sprays, and from their little Throats pour a Stream of Harmony, while fragrant Gales refresh the Sense,

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and with their aromatick Breath diffuse Gladness to the Soul.

Just at the Bounds of this luxuriant Retreat stands an antient Oak; the extended Boughs are a Shelter from the Mid-day Sun, which perhaps your Ladyship would endure, rather than screen your Beauty in such a rustick Shade: *Elysium* Groves and Myrtle Bowers are better suited to the Delicacy of your Imagination; but I am now reconciled to Nature in its greatest Negligence, and seated in this venerable Recess, find Virtue and Liberty the principal Springs of human Happiness: My Hours are here at my own Disposol, nor am I obliged to devote them to Ceremony or vain Amusements. I find my self under no Necessity to court the impertinent or flatter the Ambitious, nor to do a thousand unreasonable things for fear of being singular and out of the Mode.

The only Intimacy I have contracted is with a Daughter of the Minister of this Parish, they call her *Sally*; her Conversation is perfectly innocent and agreeable, and has something in it charming beyond all the specious Rules and studied Elegance of the Beau-Monde; she has spent her Leisure in reading, and has certainly perused all the good Books in her Father's Study, having never opened a Page on any Subject but Religion, except *Argalus* and *Parthenia*. Her Preciseness is all natural and unaffected; her Looks, her Words, her whole Behaviour, has an Air of Sanctity; one can hardly believe her an Inhabitant of this World, but rather a Native of some more refined and holy Region; the Sweetness of her Countenance

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tenance, with the surprising Beauty of her whole Person, would confirm this Thought, if some Evidence of Mortality did not appear in her declining Health: She believes her self in a Consumption, and talks of dying as calmly as most People talk of going to sleep.

However, this Indifference is not perhaps entirely the Effect of Piety; a tender Passion seems to have some share in it; her Health began to decline from the Time her Lover died: He was the Son of a Neighbouring Clergyman; their Marriage was concluded by the Consent of both their Parents. There had been an innocent Tenderneſs between them from their Childhood, and just at the Period ſet to Crown their mutual Paſſion the Youth was ſeiſed with a Fever, which ended his Life, and left the gentle Maid to mourn her diſappointed Joys.

Since that ſhe has no Attachment to this World, all her Schemes of Happineſs are in a future State, on which her whole Attention is fixed; and nothing can be more ſparkling than her Converſation on theſe Subjects. As ſome People grow dull and moroſe in talking of Religion, it brightens her Countenance, gives a Vivacity to her Thoughts, and heavenly Eloquence to her Tongue; The Beauty of the ſpangled Firmament in a clear Summer Evening gives her an apparent Pleaſure. “ In a little time .(ſhe often ſays) I
“ ſhall have a nearer View of thoſe radiant Won-
“ ders, and ſhall my ſelf outſhine their glimmering
“ Luſtre.”

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You would be glad, Lady *Sophia*, if I would leave *Sally* with the Angels, and talk to you of Knights of the Garter, Blue Ribbands, Embroider'd Coats, and other sublunary Things. There is such a wide Extreme betwixt these Subjects and heavenly Themes, that I cannot introduce your tender Affair with any manner of Decorum; the Descent is too precipitant. But if I must talk of Love, my own Amour is somewhat more of the Etherial Kind than yours, and the Transition will not be so difficult.

Nor will it displease you, to hear that my Lover continues constant, with the Addition of six thousand a Year to his Estate: It was left him by one of the *S-----* Family, who lately died without an Heir.

My Mistress has been a constant Advocate for the lovely Youth, believing his Proposal a vast Preferment for me; while my generous Lover makes his Addresses with greater Warmth and Assurance than when his Estate was less, thinking it now in his Power to offer me a Reparation for whatever Misfortune hath reduced me to a State so unequal to what (he is perswaded) my Education has been.

I have not yet accepted his Proposal, nor discovered my Rank to him, but 'tis very probable I shall do both. What Objection can I, or rather what can you make against it? His Descent is every Way illustrious, and has vastly the Advantage of mine; Nature has distinguished him with an Air of Grandeur, beyond all the borrow'd Lustre of Titles or Equipage. There is

an

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an Elegance in his Behaviour superiour to the Rules of Art or Imitation; not *Paris*, when confess'd Prince on the Plains of *Ida*, appeared more graceful: He talks of Love, not in the Strains of Dramatick Frenzy, but with the Sobriety of Reason and Virtue: Persuasion dwells on his Tongue, while he describes the gentle Passion in Accents calm as the Midnight Air. What the Consequence will be I cannot yet determinē. Dear Lady *Sophia*, adieu.

ROSALINDA.



LETTER II.



LETTER II.

To Lady SOPHIA.



Y Romance is now finished, the Drama is come to a Conclusion; I have been married these four Months, and from the sober regular Way of Life I am now in, you must expect no more Adventures.

I forgot in my last to inform you, that with the Six thousand a Year there was a Seat nobly furnished left to—— What must I call him? not my Husband, for fear the awkward domestick Sound should give you the Spleen: And if I should give him the Appellation of my Gallant, my Lover, or the charming Youth, you would think me run mad in Romance: but I hope I may call him by his proper Name, which is *Lucius*.

The Seat of which he is now the Possessor, looks like the Abode of Liberty and guiltless Delight; the Situation has something in it so jovial and airy, that it gives an Alacrity to the Mind: It stands on a gentle Rising, with the View of a spacious Valley before it, through which a luxu-

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riant River draws its shining Train, and blesses the Borders with immortal Verdure; the wide Campaign beyond opens a fair Variety of Hills, of Groves, and fertile Plains, which terminate in a distant Prospect of the Sea. You have this beautiful Scene of Nature from every Window in the Front of the House.

The opposite Side of the Structure discloses a quite different View; as that seems the Triumph of Nature, this appears the Insult of Art; the Gardens and Groves are so exquisitely fine and regular, that I fancy my self in Fairy-Land; it looks all like the Effect of Enchantment, and beyond human Contrivance.

The Loves and Graces figur'd in the painted Alcoves persuade me, I am got among the Immortals, who seem to court me to their soft Recesses, when through a long Visto the smiling Forms rise in just Proportion before me, I converse with Deities, and am charm'd with the Wonders of the poetical World.

I find Leisure enough for these visionary Delights, being discharged from Family Cares by my Husband's Grandmother, who is qualified to manage those Affairs with great Prudence and Decency: It is a Pleasure to me to submit to her Advice in every Punctilio, as I find it obliges *Lucius*, who treats her with the utmost Deference and Respect; nor fails to find some handsome Excuse for any Thing that has the Appearance of Obstinacy or Caprice in her Temper.

His Merit in every Occurrence secures my Esteem; an Air of Justice and Benignity shines

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through his whole Conduct; his Mind was in the same Elevation when his Fortune was at the lowest, nor has this unexpected Turn had the least Influence on the Modesty and Evenness of his Disposition: His Management in every Thing is at once generous and discreet; he has devoted a thousand Pounds a Year out of the Six thousand to charitable Uses, another Thousand he secured to me for my peculiar Expences; the rest to be spent in his Household, the Charge of which he has limited to his Income, and pays his Bills once a Month with great Exactness, that no honest Tradesman may be injured by his Delay. Whatever Trespas is done by the Carelessness of his Servants in the Pursuit of their rural Sports, he patiently hears the Complaints of the Sufferer, and restores their Damage to the full.

His Compassion is equal to his Justice; never has he been seen to turn away from a Spectacle of Pity, never has he shut his Ears to the Voice of Distress, never by an insolent Reproach silenced the Cries of Poverty, nor delay'd his Bounty to the Neccessitous.

Several honest Clergymen with large Families and narrow Incomes have already experienced his Generosity, and blessed their young Benefactor. He has taken a Son of a neighbouring Minister into the Family, who was bred at the University, and is a Youth of great Piety and very good Sense; he reads constantly to us Morning and Evening Prayers, when not a Servant in the House is suffered to be absent.

Lucius

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Lucius has a handsome Collection of *English* and *French* Authors; his Father lived long enough to see him instructed in both these Languages; so that his Books with the Conversation of the young Student are the agreeable Amusement of his leisure Hours, which are not so many as he seems to wish, his Rank and Merit still engaging him in new Acquaintance, there being several Gentlemen's Seats scattered about in this pleasant Campaign.

I find my self more free and disengaged, having no Companion but *Sally*: In her Conversation I forget I am below the Stars, and mingle with immortal Beings; her Sentiments are all elevated and refined, the Language of Heaven flows from her Lips in Accents sweet as an Angel's Voice; she has a surprising Memory, and speaks the finest Parts of *Milton* by heart: I fancy my self among the celestial Minstrels, when she repeats that Description where

——— *Their golden Harps they take,
Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their Side
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet
Of charming Symphony, they introduce
Their sacred Song, and waken Raptures high.*

Mr. Pope's MESSIAH is another of her favourite Poems, which she recites with such a graceful Pronunciation, that it seems always new and surprising.

But while I am enjoying this agreeable Society, I know 'tis a Pleasure that is stealing from me

like some fair Flower, whose Bloom withers while I am regaling my Sense with its Fragrancy: The young Saint is bidding adieu to mortal Things, and preparing for her native Skies. I brought her hither to try if the Change of Air would mend her Health, but I see no Advantage she has by it; and finding her impatient to return, I have promised to carry her in my Chaise to morrow, back to her Father's House. I go the more willingly, that I may make a Visit to the peaceful Abode where I spent so many happy Hours.

I know not if my Mistress has yet recovered the Confusion she was in at the Discovery of my Quality: As for *Lucius*, it seemed to be no Secret to him; he told me, there was something in my Behaviour that convinced him I was not in my proper Station; but by what Misfortune I was sunk, he could never make the least Conjecture: My Conduct he thought was too reserved to suffer him to suspect any Thing to my Disadvantage, and when he found my Concealment was on a Religious Account, it gave him the highest Satisfaction to find it in his Power, to place me in Circumstances more agreeable and independent.

Two or three Days after I was married, I writ to my Father with all the Submission and Tenderness that natural Affection could dictate: I am informed he relents, and is pleased with an Alliance to this noble Family; but I have not yet had the Honour of any Letter or Message from his Lordship. Oh could I throw my self at his Feet,

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Feet, and once more hear his paternal Blessing,
my Happiness were compleat !

The PASTORAL I have inclosed was only
writ as a solitary Amusement, which makes me
send it without any Apology, or giving my self
the Airs of being an Author: I hope it will not
displease you, that my Shepherd happens to be a
Christian, and that the Pastoral Scene lies on the
British Plains, as long as I leave you to wander at
your Leisure in the Vale of *Tempe*, or follow
your fleecy Charge on the fair *Arcadian* Pastures.
Adieu.

Yours, &c.

ROSALINDA.

A PASTORAL.

HENRY and LUCY.

HENRY.

LUCY, while resting in this verdant Shade,
By pow'r divine thus elegantly made,
Say, can'st thou envy Pomp and regal Rooms,
Gay with the Luxury of *Persian* Looms ;
Or painted Roofs, whose Beauty would entice
The Thoughts thro' all the fabled Joys of Vice ?
Fabled

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Fabled indeed ! true Joys it cannot boast,
 Since Pleasure flies when Innocence is lost ;
 Remorse, Despair, and every cruel Guest,
 Become the Inmates of the guilty Breast.

L U C Y.

How spotless, *Henry*, is thy well-turn'd Mind,
 Averse to Ill, to follow Good inclin'd :
 With the conversing, ev'ry Day I learn
 New Charms in sacred Virtue to discern ;
 And emulous of thee, with Joy pursue
 That Goodness I admire and love in you.

H E N R Y.

Thou need'st not learn of me in Nature's Book,
 Thou may'st on thy Creator's Wisdom look :
 And as the Planets run their constant Race,
 His glorious Footsteps in their Order trace ;
 He bids the Sun in all its Beauty rise,
 To bless our Soil and guild the vaulted Skies ;
 And by the Word of his Almighty Pow'r,
 Ordains the Moon to cheer the Midnight Hour ;
 While sparkling Stars in solemn Order wait
 Upon her silent Course, to grace her State.

L U C Y.

Nor in the Skies alone his Pow'r is seen,
 We view it in the Grove and flow'ry Green,
 To imitate whose Charms all Art is faint ;
 The Rose's glowing Blush what Hand can paint ?

Or

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Or equal the pale Lilly's snowy Hue,
Or emulate the Corn-flow'rs glossy Blue?

H E N R Y.

Sure, *Lucy*, we like the first Pair are blest,
While here secure with Innocence and Rest
Our Happy Hours on downy Pinions fly;
When thus assisted by Faith's steadfast Eye,
Upon our Maker's Works we humbly gaze,
And for their Goodness render him the Praise.
Thus in the Patriarch's Days, the *Jewish* Swains
Who fed their Flocks on *Mamre's* Fruitful Plains
Worship'd *Jehovah* in the Woods and Field,
And prais'd his Name for all the Fruit they yield;
Implor'd his Mercy to direct their Ways,
To guard their Nights, and sanctify their Days.
But see! the Ev'ning o'er the dewy Lawn
Already has her sable Curtain drawn,
Homeward we'll go, and as we slowly walk
Beguile the tedious Way with farther Talk.



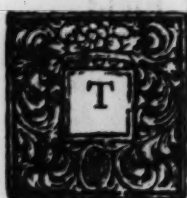
L E T.



L E T T E R III.

From the same, to Lady SOPHIA.

M A D A M,



THE Day after I writ to you last, I carried *Sally* Home; where I left her, not thinking when we parted that we were to meet no more in this World: But so it proved, she languish'd about three Weeks, and then without any Struggle or convulsive Pang gently resigned her Breath.

With what Impatience she attended the happy Period, the inclosed will inform you: She writ it a few Days before she died, and gave it in charge to one of her Friends to deliver to me.

“ *To ROSALINDA.*

“ *Dear Lady Frances,*

“ MY Sands are now running low, the
 “ Springs of Life will soon cease, the
 “ Dust is returning to its native Dust, and the
 “ immortal Part to its great Original: the happy
 “ Day

“ Day is dawning which shall never be shaded
 “ with succeeding Night; some glimmerings of ce-
 “ lestial Glory break thro’ the Gloom, and scat-
 “ ter the Horrors of Death; I hear from far the
 “ Harps of Heaven in soft Preludiums call me to
 “ the Skies!

“ I shall shortly mingle with the Morning Stars;
 “ and converse with the first-born Sons of Light;
 “ I shall enter the blissful Assembly, and be num-
 “ ber’d among the glittering Attendants of the
 “ Empirean Courts; the supreme Excellence shall
 “ unveil it self, and suffer me to gaze on uncrea-
 “ ted Beauty; I shall feel the Force and breath
 “ the Raptures of immortal Love; the smiling
 “ Moments crown’d with Joy and ever-blooming
 “ Life must now begin their everlasting Round.

“ The stormy Ocean is past, the short Fatigue
 “ fulfilled, the peaceful Haven is in view; I am
 “ just setting my Foot on the blissful Coast; the
 “ charming Land of Love, the aromattick Breezes
 “ already meet me from the fragrant Shore, and
 “ cheer me in the last Faintings of Nature.

“ Dear Lady *Frances*, adieu! ’till now I never
 “ bid you a glad Farewell, nor parted without
 “ Reluctance; but we shall meet in more serene
 “ Climates, we shall meet in the Fullness of Joy,
 “ in the Elevations of Glory. Mine indeed by
 “ the just Degrees of Recompence, will be! a
 “ Station far below yours; my Probation has
 “ been only the Passive Exercise of Content and
 “ Patience: but such Virtue as yours which has
 “ triumph’d on all the gay Allurements of the
 “ World, shall meet a glorious Distinction; the
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“ noble Army of Martyrs will receive you to their
 “ Number, grace you with the radiant Circlet
 “ and victorious Palm, and record your Conquest
 “ in the Annals of Heaven.

“ I speak this to animate your Virtue, to en-
 “ courage you in the Race of Glory; I am now
 “ past Flattery or Dependence on the greatest
 “ of Mortals, but I feel the most tender Concern
 “ for your Happiness, and shall carry the gentle
 “ Impression to the Regions of exalted Friend-
 “ ship, the native Dominions of Love, to which
 “ I am now going. Once more my Dear *Rosa-*
 “ *linda*, Adieu!

This Letter came to me with the sad Tidings
 of her Death: No Language can describe my
 Grief in its just Emphasis. You will give me
 leave to weep; and sympathize with

Your ROSALINDA.



L E T.



L E T T E R IV.

To CARLOS.



S you was the Confident of my unjust Design in visiting *Philander*, at his Country Seat, you have Reason to expect I should inform you of the Success of that Adventure.

I had a secret Passion for *Aspasia* before her Marriage with this Noble Youth, and flattered my self with some Hopes of finding her prepossessed in my Favour.

You know how exceeding cautious and Discreet I have been in my Pleasures, and with what Dissimulation I have secured to my self the Character of a Man of Honour and Sobriety: By this Advantage I found it easy to impose on my Friend, whose Goodness was real and unaffected, while his unblemished Integrity left him unguarded to all my Artifice.

But I found it impossible to delude my Father by my specious Virtues; his Penetration saw through that Disguise by which I had escaped the publick Censure; nor could any thing have been more detestable to his open Temper, than the Af-

fection and Hypocrisy of mine. After he had traced one of my most criminal Intrigues, and found me unreclaimed by his tenderest Admonitions, he resolved to disinherit me, and settle his Estate on my younger Brother, who is really possessed of all those good Qualities to which with a vain Ostentation I have only pretended.

My Brother perceiving my Father's Disgust, and the Intention he had to make him his Heir, with an unequal'd Generosity gave me Intelligence of the threatened Misfortune, desiring me to employ some Friend to persuade my Father from his severe Proceeding.

This News came to me while I was detained a willing Guest by *Philander* at his Country Seat; I discovered the Affair to him, who immediately offered to attempt a Reconciliation: I gladly accepted the kind Intention, nor knew any Person so likely to succeed.

Philander proposed staying two or three Days with my Father, in order to insinuate himself the more successfully; in the mean time I found but too easy Access to the fair *Aspasia*, and by an Artifice that deserves the Blackest Infamy, prevailed with her to make a criminal Appointment in a private Garden belonging to the House.

This was the second Day of her Husband's Absence; the happy Hour (as I then thought it) arrived, when I was to attend my Mistress in a sequester'd Arbor: But just as I was entering the Walk that led to it, a Footman came hastily after me with a Letter from *Philander*, which brought me the welcome News of his Success
with

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with my Father. The vast Satisfaction he expressed for having procured this Reconciliation, with the real Concern for my Welfare, which appeared in every line, raised a Sense of Honour in my Soul; I read the Letter again, and found my Guilt aggravated by its bright Reverse; my Falshood was heightened by the Warmth and Fidelity with which the generous Man had pursued my Interest; my Crime stood before me in its most infamous View: But how to extricate myself from this Perplexity, I was entirely at a loss.

To neglect an Opportunity I had with such Sollicitude obtained; to disappoint a yielding Beauty; to dare the Effects of her Contempt or Resentment, by acting contrary to all the gallant Maxims of the World, was doing the utmost violence to a Disposition like mine. But then, to wrong my Friend with an Evidence of his Fidelity in my Hand, where every tender Line would reproach such Villany; *Alexander* and *Scipio* (I told myself) would condemn me; with many a Heroick Pagan, who in the Height of youthful Desires had conquered the Allurements of a guilty Passion.

It was happy for me, that some Accident prevented *Aspasia* from following me so soon as she designed. I was so far from being impatient at her Absence, that I blessed every Moment's Delay, and was contriving to avoid the Interview just as I saw her entering the Garden.

I had been unused to mental Devotion, and yet in this dangerous Moment, on which my Perdition seemed to hang, I sent a Secret Prayer to Heaven for Assistance.

Instead

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Instead of flying to the Charmer's Embraces with the Gayety of a Lover, I went forward with a slow reluctant Pace 'till we met, and then gave her my Friend's Letter: As soon as she had read it, she told me, "I might be assured it spoke the Language of his Soul; and 'tis (added she) to the advantagious Light in which he has set your Character, 'tis entirely to that, you are obliged for the favourable Opinion I have of you."

"Is it indeed to this generous Man (I reply'd) that I am indebted for the Share I have in your Esteem? and can I return such Goodness with the vilest Ingratitude!" Here I paused, still keeping a respectful Distance.

Aspasia, with her Eyes fixed on the Ground, stood in a silent Confusion: But in this mute Interval imagine if you can what must be the Conflict of my Soul! I had spoke my last, an eternal Silence must certainly have ensued, if the gentle *Aspasia*, perceiving my Distress, had not put me out of Pain for an Apology.

"I see (said she) the Disorder you are in: This Retreat of Honour ought to have been mine; I sincerely wish it had been so; However you have led me the Way, and I owe my Recovery to your Prudence."

"It was my Importunity, Madam, (replied I) that drew you into this criminal Engagement; for which I am going to inflict on my self the severe Penalty of seeing you no more."

"This was what I was just resolving (answered the fair Penitent) but you have gone before
fore

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“ fore me in every Step of Virtue; we must in-
“ deed meet no more: Some Disorder I feel gives
“ me a Pretence to retire immediately to my
“ Chamber, and you may leave this Place early
“ in the Morning, with a proper Excuse for not
“ seeing me.”

She was seated under a Shade of Jessamine,
and appeared charming as the Queen of Love.
My Philosophy began to stagger, when she ha-
stily rose and left me in an Agony of Mind which
no Words can express.

However, I had so much Command of my self
as not to follow her; my Reason exerted all its
Powers; the Divinity within spoke with a com-
manding Force, and bid the wild tempestuous
Passions be still; my Soul obey'd the sacred Dic-
tates, while Truth and Friendship took full pos-
session of my Breast.

I hastened early the next Morning from this dan-
gerous Place, and must own to you, this Action
has given me a Pleasure in Reflection, superior
to all the Gratifications of Sense.

Tours, &c.

ALCANDER.



L E T-



LETTER V.

To CARLOS: *From the same.*



FTER your severest Raillery on my Conduct, I hope you will pardon me for being a reasonable Creature, and not insist on my making an Apology, for following the Dictates of Honour and Gratitude. To your cooler Thoughts, Virtue may not perhaps appear so trivial and fantastick a Thing; in your splenetick Intervals, Falshood and Treachery will probably lose their Charms, and put on an Aspect of Horror and Deformity; when the Sagacity of Youth is past, and a few Years have impaired your Understanding, you may grow superstitious, and be whimsical enough to fancy Friendship and Truth are Words of the most sacred Importance: Since 'tis not impossible for you to fall into such Errors your self, you ought to pass a charitable Censure on my Principles and Practice, however different from your own.

I have ventured to send you this careless Translation of *Tasso's Enchanted Forest*. This beautiful Fiction seems contrived to arm the Soul

with a noble Resolution in whatever Occurrence its Virtues are called into Action. *Rinaldo's* Inflexibility I hope will keep me a little in countenance, though I have not the Vanity to run a Parallel between the young Hero's Exploit and mine.

Dear *Carlos*, adieu! be assured I am too much your Friend to leave any Method untry'd for your Reformation.

ALEXANDER.

Tasso's Jerusalem, Book 18.

The Enchanted Forest.

THE dawning Light scarce hover'd in the East,
When young *Rinaldo* left his wonted Rest;
Compleatly arm'd in all his Martial Pride,
A costly Scarf was o'er his Shoulders ty'd;
Unseen he pass'd along each silent Tent,
And onward to the dreadful Forest went.
'Twas now the Season when the ling'ring Night
Disputes her Empire with the rising Light;
A rosy Blush here paints the doubtful Morn,
There glim'ring Stars th' uncertain Shades adorn:
This Scene the thoughtful Hero entertain'd,
As on the Steep of *Olivet* he gain'd;
The dawning Lustre, and declining Night,
With various Beauties entertain his Sight.

Part III.

E

“Ye

26 L E T T E R S

“Ye num’rous flaming Lamps above, he cries,
 “Which deck the lofty Temple of the Skies!
 “Thou Sun whose Face a golden Splendor wears!
 “Thou silver Moon, and all ye sparkling Stars!
 “What Trifles to your Glories are prefer’d!
 “How little we celestial Things regard!
 “A sparkling Glance, the Light’ning of a Smile
 “Of Heav’n itself our easy Hearts beguile.”

Thus reas’ning, he the sacred Hill ascends,
 And humbly there with decent Rev’rence bends;
 Adoring to the East, he turns his Eyes,
 His Thoughts unbounded reach the inmost Skies.
 Mean while the Morn in golden Vestments rose,
 Her Visage with a bright Vermilion glows;
 New Beams *Rinaldo’s* Crest and Armour gild,
 Which dart their Lustre o’er the verdant Field;
 Refreshing Breezes round him gently play,
 And balmy Odors on their Wings convey;
 While from her Lap *Aurora* on his Head
 A Cloud of pure celestial Dew does shed;
 Dipp’d in th’ ethereal Mist, a lucid White
 His Robes display, and stream with silver Light:
 Such when the Morning’s chearful Rays appear,
 Such lively Looks the opening Blossoms wear;
 So looks, renew’d in all its glitt’ring Pride,
 The Serpent, when he casts his Age aside.

The Knight still to the Wood his way pursued,
 Nor any Horror in its Prospect view’d;
 The fatal Forest, whence with sudden Dread
 The bravest Soldiers of the Camp had fled,
 Appears to him a kind inviting Shade. }
 Advancing on, a soft melodious Sound
 Fills all the fair enchanted Grove around,

The

Moral and Entertaining. 27

The Noise of murm'ring Currents rolling by;
 With sighing Winds which thro' the Branches fly;
 The Swan in dying melancholy Strains
 In Confort with the Nightingal complains;
 The Organ, Harp, and human Voice, are found
 Mingling their Notes in one harmonious Sound.
 While from Above, as others had before,
 The Youth expects to hear loud Thunders roar;
 Instead of these, the Songs of Syrens finds,
 The chant of Birds with warbling Waves and Winds.
 Amaz'd, he now his hasty Steps suspends,
 And forward now with cautious Paces bends;
 No Obstacle his Passage yet withstood
 Besides an ample, smooth, transparent Flood,
 From whence a thousand Riv'lets break away,
 Which thro' the Shades in wanton Windings stray;
 Their Banks were with luxuriant verdure crown'd,
 And painted Flow'rs adorn'd the smiling Ground.

Rinaldo paus'd, when instantly appear'd.
 A stately Bridge on golden Arches rear'd,
 Presenting cross the Stream a spacious Way,
 Which he undaunted pass'd without Delay;
 Nor sooner touch'd the River's distant Brinks,
 But down the visionary Structure sinks;
 And what before in gentle Waves roll'd by,
 A Torrent swells, and lifts its Billows high:
 No Bounds the sudden Inundation knows,
 Rising like Floods increas'd by melting Snows.

The Hero fearless still his Course pursues,
 And wheresoe'er he turns, fresh Wonder views;
 For wheresoe'er he turns, a sudden Spring
 Appears, while blooming Flow'rs their Odors
 bring;

28 L E T T E R S

The Lilly courts him, and the fragrant Rose
 At his Approach with brighter Crimson glows;
 Their Crystal Arms the bubbling Spring display,
 And living Fountains open in his Way;
 The branchy Trees their verdant Pride renew,
 From ev'ry Leaf distils ambrosial Dew;
 The Waters, Winds, and tuneful Birds again,
 Join'd with the Voice and Lute, begin their
 soothing Strain;

Nor yet appears to whom the melting Song,
 The human Voice, and charming Lute belong.

Suspended he remains, and scarce believes
 His waking Thoughts, or what his Sense perceives;
 When issuing from the Forest's lofty Shade,
 He finds an ample Plain before him spread,
 A wondrous Myrtle in the midst appear'd,
 Aloft in Air its stately Head was rear'd;
 Its Height the Palm and Cypress far surpass,
 And all beneath a closer Shadow cast:
 Around the leafy Arms extended wide,
 It tow'ring stood, of all the Grove the Pride;
 On the prodigious Plant he fix'd his Eyes,
 'Till more prodigious Things his Mind surprize.

A pregnant Oak with sudden Rupture parts,
 While from its Trunk a blooming Virgin starts;
 Numbers like her their hollow Prisons rend,
 And on the Plain in shining Robes descend.
 So dress'd, the graceful *Cynthia* haunts the Groves,
 Such are her Nymphs, and such the Goddess moves;
 Their folding Vests above the Knee were ty'd,
 Their slender Legs the silken Buskins hide;
 Their snowy Arms were bare, their Locks behind
 Dishevel'd hung, and wanton'd in the Wind:

Like

Moral and Entertaining: 29

Like these appear the beauteous Sylvan Race,
When o'er the Lawns the flying Prey they trace;
No Bows indeed they held, nor Quivers wore,
But warbling Lutes in their fair Hands they bore;
A Circle round the wond'ring Knight they made,
And danc'd in artful Measures as they play'd.

“ Hail, lovely Youth! (they sung) our Lady's
“ Care!

“ For thee these soft Recesses we prepare,
“ For thee she fondly languishes all Day,
“ And wastes her Life in restless Fires away;
“ These Groves thy Absence lately seem'd to
“ mourn,
“ But all look fresh and gay at thy Return.

While with these melting Strains they charm
his Ears,
A sweeter Voice he from the Myrtle hears,
And issuing thence a lovelier Nymph appears.
If antient Times with pious Awe inspir'd
Silenus in his antick Form admir'd,
What had the superstitious Dotage been
The mad Effect of this surprizing Scene!
Her Shape was Human, but a heav'nly Grace
And Beauty all divine adorn'd her Face.
With doubtful Eyes *Rinaldo* views the Fair,
And soon recalls *Armida's* tempting Air;
Then with a soft alluring pensive Look,
Which meant a thousand tender Things, she spoke.

“ Art thou return'd, the Cause of all my Pain?
“ Do I behold those fatal Eyes again?

“ Dost

30 L E T T E R S

" Dost thou at last, ungrateful Man! relent,
 " And pity my fond Youth in sorrow spent?
 " Or as an Enemy pursue me here;
 " For this thy Arms and threat'ning Looks
 " declare:
 " But, I, no Enemy, no Traitor fear'd,
 " When o'er the Flood the golden Bridge I rear'd,
 " When gawdy Flow'rs along thy Path were
 " strow'd,
 " And living Springs to entertain thee flow'd."
 Approaching nearer then, she softly cries,
 " Remove this envious Helmet's vain Disguise,
 " And let me view again those charming Eyes. }

With that a moving Tear she fondly shed,
 While from her Cheeks the hasty Blushes fled;
 Then sigh'd, and downward cast her lovely Eyes,
 And soft Complaints and kind Reproaches tries:
 Her Words the coldest Adamant would move,
 And melt the most obdurate Heart to Love.

The youthful Hero feels the kindling Fires,
 And timely from his dang'rous Foe retires;
 Again he scorns her Wiles, and fiercely drew
 His shining Sword, and at the Myrtle flew.

Armida runs before with eager Haste,
 Then twining round her darling Plant embrac'd;
 " Oh stay, she cries, stay thy inhuman Hand,
 " Or let thy Weapon in my Breast be stain'd:
 Unmov'd and deaf to all her Pray'rs he stood,
 And lifts his Sword to hew the fatal Wood.

Th' Enchantress soon another Method tries,
 And as in Dreams uncouth Chimera's rise,
 She stalks a monstrous Bulk before his Eyes; }

Moral and Entertaining. 31

A dusky Gloom her changing Face o'erspread,
Vanish'd the snowy White and youthful Red;
Then like *Briareus*, with his hundred Hands,
A mighty Giant in his View she stands,
And fifty flaming Swords at once she weilds,
And shakes aloft as many blazing Shields;
Her Nymphs appear like horrid Cyclops arm'd,
But nothing his undaunted Heart alarm'd.

The Martial Youth his sounding Strokes renew'd,
While hollow Groans the sounding Strokes ensued;
Stupendous Terrors fill the darken'd Place,
Resembling now the black infernal Space;
Thunder'd the low'ring Heav'ns with dreadful
Sound,
Echo'd in subterranean Vaults the Ground;
Trembled the Earth, lighten'd the flashing Skies,
While warring Winds from every Quarter rise.
Rinaldo stands the raging Tempest's Frown,
'Till one fierce Stroke fells the tall Myrtle down;
Th' Enchantment ends, the Phantoms disappear,
The Storms were hush'd, the Heav'ns serenely
clear.



L E T.



L E T T E R VI.

To ALBANUS.



YOU seem at present suspended between Virtue and Vice, your Mind is in such a mysterious Situation, that it is not easy to determine to what Class you belong: One can hardly call you a Saint, the Flattery would be too apparent; and yet it would be a little uncharitable to put you in the opposite Rank, where your own Modesty has placed you: But my Business is not to dispute what you are, but to give you the Information you desire, and from my own Experience to resolve on which Side the Advantage of Pleasure falls.

You imagine I have acted in both the Characters of Saint and Sinner, and try'd the Extremes of Virtue and Vice: In the last I am too much experienced, but this makes me more capable of passing a Censure; for I was a Sort of Philosophick Libertine, and pursued Pleasure for the sake of Demonstration; I paused, I reasoned, I made critical Reflections on every Enjoyment; I proposed something beyond gratifying a low and sensual

Moral and Entertaining. 33

sual Inclination ; mine was a deliberate Search after Happiness ; while the Method was wrong my End was right ; but every guilty Experiment brought its own Conviction, and left me restless and disappointed.

Sometimes I exclaimed in Prose, sometimes in Verse ; I burlesqued the Vanities of Life, and the Weakness of human Nature ; I turned Moralist, looked grave, and acted soberly : But this was a Situation too cold for my Temper, it was neither sleeping nor waking ; this supine Indolence was but a poor Exchange for the jovial Activities I had resigned, nor could I assent to that spiritless Maxim, that *Virtue was its own Reward*, if there was no future Expectation : *Let us Eat and Drink, for to morrow we die*, appeared to me a much more rational Conclusion.

However, this Deliberation, this Pause, this moral Essay and Restraint of my Passions, was the first Step I made towards real Happiness : In the Absence of sensual Amusements, my Thoughts found Leisure for a nobler Application, my Soul grew familiar with itself, and sought Acquaintance with intellectual Beings ; distressed with the Vicissitude of mortal Things, it traced back its own divine Original, and claimed paternal Refuge from the great Spring of all Existence : I felt the Attraction strong as the Bands of Nature ; that Felicity I had blindly sought, the unknown God I had ignorantly worshipped, now revealed himself to me, as the sovereign Good, and my peculiar Bliss.

34 L E T T E R S

How an Almighty Agent acts, no Language of Men can describe; but I felt the sacred Influence, I heard the heavenly Sound, the soft melodious Voice, calling me away from earthly Vanities, while a Ray of celestial Beauty sparkling on my Soul, eclipsed the Glories of the World, and darkened all the Pride of Nature; the Mists of Ignorance and Error vanished before the divine Illumination, which with a pleasing Evidence compelled my Assent to the glorious Truths it proposed; my Apprehensions were enlarged, and a Sanctity of Disposition infused; those Heights of Virtue which I once thought impracticable, now appeared easy, and attended with ineffable Delight, such as gave me some delicious Prelibations

*Of those immortal Banquets, those rich Draughts
Of vital Pleasure, which my thirsty Soul
Shall drink for ever in.——*

These are no fantastick Delusions, but real and divine Enjoyments, such as enlarge the Mind, and give it a nobler Disposition, while conscious of its own Grandeur it rests in nothing below boundless and immortal Felicity.

This is what you seem anxiously to enquire after: How happy shall I be if my Experience can direct you in such an important Search! You will excuse the sending you these negligent Lines on a Subject so superior to my Genius,

On

ON HAPPINESS.

Whatever different Paths Mankind pursue,
 Oh *Happiness*, 'tis thee we keep in view!
 'Tis thee in every Action we intend,
 The noblest Motive and superior End!
 Thou dost the scarcely finish'd Soul incline,
 Its first Desire, and conscious Thought is thine;
 Our Infant Breasts are sway'd by thee alone,
 When Pride and Jealousy are yet unknown.
 Through Life's obscure and wild Variety,
 Our steadfast Wishes never start from thee:
 Thou art of all our waking Thoughts the Theme,
 We court thee too in ev'ry nightly Dream:
 Th' immortal Flame with equal Ardour glows,
 Nor one short Moment's Intermission knows:
 Whether to Courts or Temples we repair,
 With restless Zeal we search thee ev'ry where;
 Whether the Roads that to Perdition lead,
 Or those which guide us to the Stars we tread,
 Thine is the Hope, th' inestimable Prize,
 The glorious Mark on which we fix our Eyes!

Thy Charms th' enamour'd Libertine entice
 Thro' all the wild destructive Paths of Vice;
 Th' advent'rous Man refines on Sin, and makes
 In search of thee, to Hell new beaten Tracks;
 Enchanting Pleasure dances in his Sight,
 And tempts him forward by a treach'rous Light:
 But while thy flat'ring Smiles his Thoughts inflame,
 Thou prov'st to him a mere fantastick Name,
 A fair Delusion and a pleasing Cheat,
 A gaudy Vision and a soft Deceit;

36 L E T T E R S

Which while the Wretch pursues with eager
Pace,

And seems to overtake thee in the Race,
An airy Phantom mocks his close Embrace;
His Arms in vain the sportive Shade would fold,
Still like a gliding Ghost it slips his fondest Hold:
The Disappointment heightens yet his Rage,
And tempts him with fresh Ardour to engage;
Successless, but unwearied in the Strife,
He still pursues thee to the Verge of Life;
With Life compel'd his Dotage to resign,
The last despairing Sigh he breaths is thine.

The pious Man directs his Vows to thee,
And proves thy most pathetick Votary.
Virtue itself, even Virtue he regards,
But as thy Favour the Fatigue rewards.
To silent Shades and Solitudes obscure,
Far from the World thou dost his Steps allure;
But there he lives retir'd, a glorious Epicure,
And gladly quits the fleeting Joys of Sense
In search of Bliss more lasting and intense;
Not such as the fond Lover's Heart beguiles,
When without Art his yielding Mistress smiles;
Not such as fills the youthful Hero's Mind,
When Wreaths of Victory his Temples bind:
His Thoughts a nobler Luxury would prove,
Such as the blest'd Immortals know above;
A Spark divine like theirs his Breast inflames,
Enjoyments all divine like theirs he claims,
Licentious and unbounded in his Aims.
To Pleasure's sacred Spring his Soul aspires,
There only hopes to quench his infinite Desires:

Not

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Not envious Hell the Passion can suppress,
Fir'd by thy Name, Alluring *Happiness*;
Undaunted he maintains the generous Strife,
And struggles for thee to the Close of Life;
Then joyful clasps thee in his dying Arms,
And yields his Breath possess'd of all thy Charms.

This is the Conclusion, to which I stand, after the exactest Trial of sensual and intellectual Pleasures; without Hesitation I give my Voice on the Side of Virtue, and this in the gayest Period of my Life, unruffled with Adversity or Disappointment, in the Affluence of Fortune, and the Luxury of Youth; with a Mind capacious of Bliss, and panting after Happiness.

In this Situation you cannot object against the Severity of my Temper: However, as few People care to be wise at other People's Expence, I cannot expect, that without any farther Trial, you will acquiesce in the Judgment of

Your most humble Servant,



L E T.



LETTER VII.

To LUCIUS.



I was you that proposed this Subject to my Muse, but I have hardly the Vanity to hope the Performance will please a Judgment so exact as yours. However 'tis entirely submitted to your Censure, by

Your most Humble Servant,

LINDAMOR.

A POEM ON LOVE.

Assist my doubtful Muse, propitious Love,
 Let all my Soul the sacred Impulse prove,
 For thine's a Holy unpolluted Flame,
 Howe'er the Libertine prophanes thy Name,
 Howe'er with impious Cant, Hypocrisy
 And senseless Superstition blemish thee:
 The pure Result of sober Reason thou;
 Thy Laws the strictest Honour must allow,

Thy

Moral and Entertaining. 39

Thy Laws each vicious thought controul
From thee Devotion takes its flaming Wings;
Thou giv'st the noblest Motion to the Soul,
And govern'st all its Springs.
To great Attempts thou gen'rous Minds dost move,
And only such are privileg'd to Love;
Th' heroick Race, the brightest Names of old,
Were all thy glorious Votaries enroll'd:

Without thee, human Life
A tedious Round of circling cares would be;
A curs'd Fatigue, continual Strife,
And tiresome Vanity.
Thy Charms our restless Grievs controul,
And calm the stormy Motions of the Soul;
Before the Pride and Enmity,
With all infernal Passions, fly;
And could'st thou in the Realms below
But once display thy beauteous Face,
The Damn'd a short Redress might know,
And every Terror fly the Place.
From thee one bright unclouded Smile
Would all the Torments there beguile,
Thy Smiles th' eternal Tempests could assuage,
And make the Damn'd forget their Rage;
The sulphurous Waves would cease to roar,
And calmly glide along the silent Shore.

Had *Orpheus* (as 'tis fabled) thro' the Ground
To Hell the gloomy Passage found,
His warbling Voice, his melting Lyre,
Nor artful Touches on the trembling String,
Had

40 L E T T E R S

Had ne'er obtain'd his bold desire,
Nor charm'd the Furies with their sullen King.
But Love, his tender Theme, had Love been
 nam'd,
That potent Sound alone had all their Malice tam'd.

On thee the Graces and Delights attend,
 On thy propitious Influence
 Our gayest Hours depend;
 Whatever charms the Soul or Sense,
 Beauty and sacred Harmony,
 Accomplish'd Love! belongs to thee.
To thee his shining Genious *Strephon* owes
His just Ideas and Expressions fit;
 To thee *Cleora* owes that sprightly Wit,
Which from her Lips in easy Language flows.

The mute Creation owns thy Sway,
And Things inanimate thy Laws obey;
At thy Command the first Confusion ceas'd,
Chaos and wild Disorder were appeas'd;
Discord and fierce Antipathy grew mild,
The Gleams of Light thro' yielding Dark-
 ness smil'd,
And warring Elements were reconcil'd:
 Nature begun a steady Course,
Govern'd by central Charms and sympathetic
 Force.

But in the blissful Skies alone
Almighty Love! thy Power is fully known;
 There they view thy charming Face,
Painted with endless Smiles, and ever-blooming
 Grace:

Moral and Entertaining. 41

Thy gentle Torch burns there for ever bright,
And scatters round a mild propitious Light;
All feel its pleasing Influence,
While pure Desires thy golden Shafts dispense.

Th' immortal Lovers, crown'd with fragrant
Flow'rs,
In rosy Shades and blissful Bow'rs
To thee devote their Happy Hours,
While active Joys too noble for Disguise
And vital Pleasures sparkle in their Eyes;
To thee alone, great Love, their Heaven they owe,
The boundless Source whence all their Blessings
Thy sacred Flame (flow.

Does every heavenly Breast inspire,
And tune the Strings of each celestial Lyre;
In flow'ry Vales to every blissful Stream,
With melting Notes they celebrate thy Name:
Backward they roll the long Extent
Of Ages infinite, and sing thy great Descent.

No fabled *Venus* gave the Birth
At *Cyprus*, yet the Goddess was not nam'd,
Nor at *Idalia* nor at *Paphos* fam'd;
Nor yet was feign'd from foaming Seas to rise,
For yet no Seas appear'd or Fountains flow'd,
Nor yet distinguished in the Skies,
Her radiant Planet glow'd.

But thou wast long e'er Motion sprung its Race,
E'er Chaos and immeasurable Space
Resigned their useless Rights to elemental Space,
Before the sparkling Lamps on high
Were kindled up and hung around the Sky;

42 L E T T E R S

Before the Sun led on the circling Hours,
Or vital Seeds produc'd their active Pow'rs ;
Before the first Intelligences strung
Their golden Harps, and soft Preludiums sung
To Love, the Mighty Cause whence there Ex-
istence sprung.

Th' Ineffable DIVINITY

His own Resemblance meets in Thee:
By this thy glorious Lineage thou dost prove,
Thy high Descent, for GOD himself is *Love*.



L E T -



L E T T E R V I I I .

From SILVIANA, giving an Account of her Manner of Life before her Marriage with the Earl of —

M A D A M,



O U R Curiosity is very obliging in desiring to know my Manner of Life, 'till I had the Honour of being married to my Lord * * * *. The Account indeed would be perfectly insignificant without that Circumstance; 'tis only my Relation to him, that gives me a Concern for the Decorum and Propriety of my Conduct, in the high Station to which he has advanced me.

I must own, that my scrupulous Dissent from some fashionable Freedoms, makes my Behaviour appear somewhat singular and precise, among the gallant part of the World; but I hope in this general Toleration, I may without Indemnity be a Christian (tho' not a Prude) at Sixteen: If this is an Error, the Prejudice of Education must be my Excuse, which keeps me from giving my Assent to many of the genteel Maxims of the

44 L E T T E R S

Age; nor will you be surprized at my Nicety, when you know by what strict Precepts the early Part of my Life has been govern'd.

My Father was a Country Clergyman, a Person of exemplary Piety, who with a Benefice of three hundred a Year treated his poor Parishioners with great Hospitality, and made a decent Provision for his own Family. My Mother was bred a Dissenter, and continued such, 'till either her Esteem for my Father, or the Force of his Arguments, prevailed with her to join in Communion with the National Church.

I was the eldest of three Daughters, which were all the Children they had; we were carefully instructed in the Rules of Justice and Truth, and bred in the greatest Sanctity of Manners; no Excuse but Sickness, ever detain'd us on Sundays from the Publick Worship, nor were the Intervals spent in any idle Amusements; the whole Day was sacred, and observ'd with just Solemnity thro' the rest of the Week; Prayers were constantly read Mornings and Evenings in the Family, nor would my Mother ever suffer Cards or Dancing in the House.

My two Sisters were the prettiest demure Things that ever were seen, they apply'd themselves with great diligence to assist my Mother in any of her Domestick Concerns: But my Temper being more sprightly, Housewifery and Plainwork were my Aversion; Reading was my prevailing Attachment, and I had turned over every Book in my Father's Library except Latin and Greek: But here was not one Play or Novel for my Entertainment;

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tainment; however I was supply'd with Amusements of this kind, by my Lady *Worthy's* youngest Daughter, who was our Neighbour, and was pleas'd to Honour me with some degree of Intimacy. But I perus'd these Authors with great Secrecy, and not without some inward Remorse, this sort of Reading being against my Father's severe Injunctions, and the pious Rules I had been taught.

This was my manner of Life 'till I was Fifteen, when a Brother of my Mother's, a *Turkey* Merchant, died, and having no Child left me twenty thousand Pounds, with only some small Legacies to my Sisters. This Advance of Fortune gave me some Distinction with my Lady *Worthy*, who about the same time had a fine Summer-House Painting; the Story was *Diana* Hunting with her Nymphs. Her Ladyship desired my Mother that I might be drawn for one of the Virgin Train.

Some time after this Painting was finish'd, my Lord *** came accidentally into these Parts of the Country, and waiting on my Lady *Worthy*, as they were in the Summer-House, he took particular Notice (I know not why) of the Nymph for whom I had fate to the Painter. Her Ladyship finding my Lord a little inquisitive, order'd a Servant to call me to drink Tea with them; I obey'd without the least Suspicion what was the Motive of her Command.

I had hitherto look'd on every mortal Man with Equality and Indifference, nor found any thing to answer the Description of Poetical Hero's

46 L E T T E R S

Hero's and Dramatick Beaus : But the Moment I saw my Lord, every Grace, every Charm, appear'd real, which before had pleas'd my Imagination in agreeable Fictions: The enchanting Form, the fatal Glance, the resistless Smile, the gentle, the prevailing Accent; Love with his whole Artillery seem'd to insult me, and never more intirely subdued a Mind so artless and un-experienc'd: However, to conceal my Disorder, I withdrew as soon as the Company would permit.

But how transform'd was my Soul from that guiltless Calm I had 'till now enjoy'd! the Equality of my Temper was broken, my Thoughts had all a different Turn; I went to Church indeed, but said my Prayers, as mechanically as a Clock strikes; I joined in singing the Psalms, but with no more understanding than the Chimes repeat a Tune to which they are set: Not only the next World, but this was effac'd from my Memory; there were no Flowers in the Field, nor Stars in the Sky; my whole Attention was fixed on the lovely Youth, his Idea was still in view; or if any other Object interrupted the pleasing Revery, it was only to give me Vexation: I was angry with every Mortal for not looking so handsome, nor talking so agreeably as the charming Man I admir'd.

I was some tedious Days in suspense, whether my Lord had one favourable thought of me; But my doubts were agreeably satisfied, when I found he had desir'd my Lady *Worthy* to procure my Father's Consent in order to make his Addresses to me: My Father embrac'd the Offer
with

with a just Sense of the Honour that was done him.

For my part I had never practis'd any Disguise, and was unacquainted with all Forms, but such as were the Dictates of Nature and Virtue; nor was it possible for me to conceal the tender Inclination, it was as visible in my Silence, as the most pathetick Words could have made it. After I knew my Lord's Character, and was convinced of his Affection for me, I had a sort of Vanity in owning a Sense of his Merit; this I thought justified the Height of my Passion, nor could I find any Reason to violate my native Sincerity, and affect Indifference, where it would have been a Crime to have been really insensible.

My Noble Lover expressed some Impatience to conclude the Affair, which was done with great Secrecy and Expedition. He suffered but one Servant to attend him, and was so obliging to stay a Month after our Marriage in my Father's Family: The Scenes of low Life were a diverting Novelty to him, while Love and Innocence made the Hours glide smoothly on. This Period was all Pastoral and Romantick, the Golden Age seem'd to be renewed with Ovid's
OENONE: I could have wish'd the noble Youth divested of his hereditary Honours, possessed only with a snowy Flock, and graced with no Distinction, but that of the *Lovely Swain*;

*Then unmolested we had liv'd, and free
From those vexatious Forms which Greatness brings;
While Rocks and Meadows, Shades and purling Springs,
The*

48 LETTERS

*The flow'ry Valley and the gloomy Grove,
Had heard of no superior Name to Love.*

However, I did not yet know the Toils of Grandeur, nor feel the Effects of my splendid Vassalage; I lived my own Way, dressed and undressed my self. My Mother, since the Advance of my Fortune, had kept me in fine Lace Caps and clean Silk Night-gowns; and as I had plenty of flaxen Hair falling into natural Curls, my Dress was easily adjusted, and seemed to please my Lord exceedingly. The little waiting on I had was by *Cicely* my Mother's head Servant; I had no Notion of the Grand Monde, nor the Part I was to act in it.

I had never seen *London*; the Mall, Hide-Park, the Drawing-Room, and Theatre, were less known to me than the Planetary Worlds.

In this State of Nature, of Darknefs and Original Simplicity, imagine to your self what must be my Perplexity, when my Lord carried me with him to make my first Appearance in Town, among the Congratulations of his numerous Friends! I found my self among a Rank of People, to whose Language, Habits and Manners, I was as much a Stranger, as if I had been in a foreign Country.

My Lord had desired a Sister who lived with him, to procure every thing proper for me to appear with, and she spared no Cost in Jewels, or whatever else Vanity itself could wish; she had been sollicitous in her Choice of a Woman and Chamber-maid for me, and they were really two

of the finest People I had ever seen in my Life; my Woman (being much older than my self) I look'd on as my superior, and could hardly forbear making an Apology for the Trouble I gave her; I spoke to her in very gentle and submissive Terms, nor was it possible for me to get rid of the secret Veneration, which the Gravity of her Countenance gave me: However my lively Temper was apt to make some gay Excursions; when I was first initiated in the Mysteries of Dress, I was not quite so serious, as she seem'd to think the Importance of the Affair required.

While my Head was dressing I was merely passive, as long as Mrs. *Dupin* suffer'd me to sit reading: I left the Ball on my Shoulders to be adorned as she thought fit, which after two Hours Toil, I sometimes found swelled to such an enormous Size, with Flowers, Feathers, and Bits of Ribbon, that I could not help begging her to reduce it to a Dimension more agreeable to my Shape, which being slender, did not require a Globe of that Magnitude to adorn it.

But I was generally more inclined to cry than laugh on this Occasion: The Hours thus spent were an insupportable Fatigue to me, nor could I answer to my Conscience for such a vain Expence of Time; my Being had a superiour End, I was formed for Immortality, which grand Concern forbid me spending more Hours at the Toilet than in my Devotions: I had been taught these antiquated Maxims, and however ridiculous they might appear in the gay Moments of Health, the Approaches of Death I knew would set

them in their full Force and unquestioned Evidence.

However I had no Design in Dressing but to please my Lord ; it was only with regard to him, I was concerned for the Figure I made in publick ; the Flattery I heard on my Beauty gave me more Confusion than Joy, nor could I account for the Design of those Addresses.

I very innocently told a Beau that followed me, that I was married ; at which he burst into a loud Laugh : It was some Surprise to me to find him so gay at the Discovery of what I thought would have sunk him into Despair ; I could not but wonder, that the Man who had just before been languishing and dying, should be so overjoyed to find his Pretensions lost and his Case hopeless ; for I really thought he made Love with an honest Intention to marry me, only he had mistaken my Circumstances.

My next Lover was the most intimate Friend my Lord had ; the fine Things he said I took for Raillery, indeed it appeared ill jesting with such sacred Things as Friendship, and the Honour of a Family : However, I concealed his Extravagance, and treated him with a Coldness so real and unaffected, that he soon recovered himself.

But you may easily imagine, what a Sound these gallant Proposals must have, to one so unacquainted with the Modish World, and who had never heard those Vices named, but with Terms of Infamy and Reproach.

After this Account of my self, you will not wonder to find me so little at ease in the high
Station

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Station to which I am raised : With what Regret do I look back to the inglorious Shades, the humble Scenes of my past Tranquility : I was a Stranger to Ambition, but Love seduced me from those peaceful Retreats, where my first happy Days were spent ; 'tis only my Affection for my Lord, that helps me to support this illustrious Bondage, this splendid Misery ; but as sincerely as I love him, I cannot without a Sigh recall the harmless Freedom, the unmolested Innocence, in which the earliest Part of my Life was past ; and am surpris'd to find my self the Object of most People's Envy, while in reality I merit their Compassion. I am, without Ceremony,

M A D A M,

Tours, &c.

S I L V I A N A.



H 2

L E T.



L E T T E R IX.

To Mr. A—



HAVE been contemplating on the Period of all human Glory among the Tombs in *Westminster Abbey*: Here the most tow'ring Ambition finds its Limits, insulting Death has fixed the Bounds, and pronounced the imperial Mandate, *Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther*, and *Here shall thy proud Waves be stay'd*: The wildest Boasts of mortal Vanity yield to the dreadful Conqueror; the Glory of Nature with all the Accomplishments of Art, are humbled together in the Dust:

Here, in one horrid Ruin lies
 The Great, the Fair, the young, the Wise.
 The' ambitious King, whose boundless Mind
 Scarce to a World could be confin'd,
 Now content with narrower Room,
 Lies crowded in this Marble Tomb;
 Death triumphs o'er the boasted State,
 The vain Distinctions of the Great;

Here

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Here in one common Heap they lie,
And eloquent in Silence cry
Ambition is but Vanity,

And see this sculptur'd Tomb contains
Of Beauty the abhor'd Remains;
That Face, which none unmov'd could view,
Has lost th' enchanting rosy Hue;
Those once resistless sparkling Eyes
No more can heedless Hearts surprise;
That Form, which ev'ry Charm could boast,
In loathsome Rottenness is lost.

See there the Youth, whose chearful Bloom
Promis'd a Train of Years to come;
Whose soft Address and graceful Air,
Had scarce obtain'd the yielding Fair,
When Fate derides the expected Joys,
And all his flattering Hope destroys.

There sleep the Bards, whose lofty Lays
Have crown'd their Names with lasting Praise;
Who, though Eternity they give,
While Heroes in their Numbers live,
Yet these resign their tuneful Breath,
And Wit must yield to mightier Death.
Ev'n I, the lowest of the Throng,
Unskill'd in Verse or artful Song,
Shall shortly shrowd my humble Head,
And mix with them among the Dead.

I am now reconciling my self to these gloomy
Abodes; I would grow familiar, I would con-
tract

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tract an Intimacy with Death, in order to mee the grisly Phantom without Consternation.

But what I am here contemplating, is only the dark Side of the Prospect, which disappears whenever my Thoughts turn to the bright Reverse; Death is then no more a meagre Skeleton follow'd with a Train of Terrors, but comes in an Angel's Form, with a gay Retinue of Heavenly Loves and Graces; he comes the kind Messenger of my Liberty and Happiness, with a smiling Aspect beckoning me away from these stormy Regions to the Worlds of unclouded Light: The Scenes of Immortality are opened before me; the Palm, the starry Crown, with all the bright Rewards of Virtue, appear in view: Oh when will the happy Period come which ends this mortal Story! But my Friendship for you shall out-live the Date of this transitory Existence, and be the same, when I am no more after the Formalities of this lower World,

Your Humble Servant

THEOPHILUS.



L E T-



L E T T E R X.

*To Lady * * * *, from a Sylph.*



YOU will find this Letter on a Bank of Violets, where I have often the Pleasure to seat my self near you unseen; and never fail of being entertained with that Vivacity and innocent Wit, that sparkles in your Conversation. However negligent you are of your invisible Admirer, your earliest Part of Life has been my Care; my Services claim the Preheminence of all my mortal Rivals, and give me a Right to make my Pretensions, before your Heart admits an earthly Passion.

I have followed your airy Rambles over the flowry Lawn, guarded you on the Verge of murmuring Streams, and screened your Beauty from the sultry Noon; I have fan'd you with my golden Plumes, and breath'd the Fragrance of the Spring about you: By me the Musick of the Groves has been improved, while I have joined with the feathered Chorus to divert you; the Nightingale for you has prolonged her melodious Strain, and from some flowry Spray entertained you with her nightly Serenade.

These

These harmless Gallantries, instead of molesting, have indulged your Tranquility; for mine is an Affection suited to your guiltless Inclination, and consistent with the most refined Virtue: Indeed this is the superior Charm, the powerful Attraction, that has gained you a celestial Lover; those divine Graces, those Sparklings of Goodness and Generosity, that sacred Impression of Virtue Heaven has stamp'd on your Soul, charm me beyond your lovely Person; and yet I view your blooming Beauty with Delight, and find a guiltless Transport in your Smiles: I am captivated with those Looks of Benevolence and Peace, which scatter universal Joy and Alacrity about you; the Guiltless Gaiety of your Temper, and inoffensive Wit, divert me; I love to mimic the Sweetness of your Voice, and repeat the charming Accent in a thousand sportive Echoes.

Were not the View of Ethereal Beauty forbidden to any of mortal Race, I might insult all human Vanity, and defy the most glorious Rival among the Sons of Men; was I permitted to appear in the rosy Bloom of celestial Youth, with my golden Zone, my purple Wings, and glittering Tiara, I should outshine the most splendid Birth-night Beau.

But I am not permitted to convince you of my Superiority, 'till your Date of mortal Life is expired; and then if you continue stedfast to the Rules of Virtue, you shall be mine by all the Engagements of celestial Love; I'll lead you in Triumph to the blissful Fields and charming Bowers, surpassing the most poetical Description of *Cyprian*

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Groves or *Hesperian* Gardens: What you call Palaces and magnificent Seats, are but Dens, but Dwelling in the Dust, compared to the dazzling Habitations of the aerial Race; the Region is for ever calm, the Skies for ever unclouded:

*No stormy Winter enters there,
Tis jovial Spring through all the Year:
Soft Gales through Groves of Myrtle blow,
The Streams o'er golden Pebbles flow,
Fresh Youth and Love their sportive Train
Lead o'er the ever-verdant Plain;
Ethereal Forms in bright Array
Along the blissful Currents stray,
Or wander through Elysian Groves,
Or banquet in the gay Alcoves;
And oft in Aramantine Bow'rs,
Repose on fragrant Beds of Flow'rs,
While Musick with her soothing Strains
Warbles through the Woods and Plains:
The Hills, the Dales, and Fountains round,
With heav'only Harmony resound.*

But Numbers fail, human Language loses its Energy and grows insipid, while I would paint the Wonders of the immortal World; neither can I describe, nor will you be able to conceive these transporting Scenes, 'till the happy Time comes when they shall be unveiled in surprising Pomp before you. 'Till then, I am

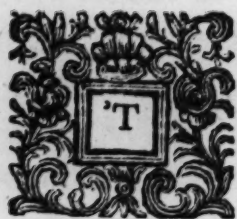
Your invisible Admirer.

ARIEL.



L E T T E R XI.

To EUSEBIUS



I S with great Pleasure I obey you, in discovering the present Situation of my Thoughts, since the Tranquility I enjoy in this Retirement, is partly owing to those pious Principles, you endeavoured to instil into my early Youth.

You was well inform'd of my Passion for Lady *Diana*-----; nor can you have forgot how many Excuses I framed to my Father, to prevent his Design of sending me into Foreign Parts, 'till all Events succeeded to my Wish, and I was married to the charming Maid: But the Nuptial Pomp was hardly past before Death blasted my Happiness, and snatched the lovely Prize from my Arms.

The only Way I could then think of, to divert the Violence of my Grief, was Travelling, hoping by Variety of Objects to efface the painful Impression: Accordingly I made the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, amusing my self with whatever was

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was Grand or Entertaining; I conversed with Men of Sense and Merit, and sometimes was favoured with the Society of Women of distinguished Beauty and Reputation; I indulged my self in all the little Gayeties of Life, within the Limits of Reason and Morality; but nothing could blot the Image of my charming Wife from my Soul; I brought back my Affection for the fair departed Saint to the mournful Mansion where I enjoyed and lost her.

But here Leisure and Reflection had a better Effect than a thoughtless Series of Diversions: Though my Course of Life had always been regular, and governed by the Rules of Sobriety, yet till now I was a Stranger (except in Form) to any thing of Devotion; nor had ever experienced the ineffable Satisfaction of a virtuous Mind in its secret Addresses to the supreme Being. My Soul had not yet reflected on its own Grandeur, nor considered itself form'd for an infinite and unchangeable Felicity.

Those grave and sublime Authors, which were once the useless Ornaments of my Library, are now my serious Entertainment; by these I have been directed to look beyond all the perishing Scenes of Nature, to that immutable State of Happiness, which after a short Probation attends the Practice of Virtue: My Thoughts grow calm, my Passions appeased, the Goods and Evils of Time vanish into nothing, at the Prospect of boundless and immortal Pleasure.

The great Temple of the Skies, the spangled Arch of Heaven is frequently the Place of my

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Devotion; the open View of the gay Creation, or the lonely Solitude of a Wood, inspire me with a sacred Warmth: But Oh, when the propitious Divinity, by some divine Emanation, makes me sensible of his Presence, with what Contempt do I look back on the lessening World! How tasteless, how insipid, are all its Amusements! How calm, how peaceful in those happy Intervals, are the Regions of my Soul! its Wishes are answered, and all its Desires appeased: I have enough, I ask no more: Can they languish for the Streams who drink at the overflowing Fountain? His Benignity is better than Life, immortal Pleasure is in his Smiles, and whom he favours must be necessarily bless'd.

Thus abstract from human Things, I converse with the great Spirit of the Universe, and in the Rapture of my Thoughts often address him in such Soliloquies as these.

“ 'Tis the Dignity of my Nature, Oh Supreme
 “ of Beings, to adore and praise thee! But how
 “ art thou to be extol'd by mortal Man? the
 “ Language of Paradise, the Strains of Immor-
 “ tality, fall short of thy Perfections; the first-
 “ born Sons of Light lose themselves in blissful
 “ Admiration, in search of thy Excellency; even
 “ they with silent Extasy adore, while veiled with
 “ ineffable Splendor.

“ *The bright, the bless'd Divinity, is known,*
 “ *And comprehended by himself alone.*

“ Who

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“ Who can conceive the Extent of that Power,
“ er, which out of nothing brought Materials for
“ a rising World, and from a gloomy Chaos bid
“ the harmonious Universe appear.

“ *Confusion heard his Voice and wild Uproar*
“ *Stood rul'd, flood vast Infinitude confin'd.*

MILTON.

“ At thy Word the Pillars of the Sky were
“ framed, and its beauteous Arches rear'd; thy
“ Breath kindled the Stars, adorn'd the Moon
“ with Silver Rays, and gave the Sun its flaming
“ Splendor:

“ *Thy Glory in her silent Course the Moon,*
“ *And nightly Lamps in their Obscure sojourn.*
“ *The Morning Star with its bright Circlet crown'd,*
“ *And early Blushes of the Day reveal;*
“ *The circling Sun thy Greatness manifests,*
“ *Whether ascending from the Eastern Wave*
“ *With glancing Smiles he cheers the dewy Fields,*
“ *Or mounted to the Zenith's lofty Height,*
“ *He blazes with transcendent Glory round;*
“ *Or down the steep of Heaven he rolls amain,*
“ *And Ends his flaming Progress in the Sea:*
“ *From East to West thy Grandeur he proclaims,*
“ *And thro' his radiant Kingdoms spreads thy Praise.*

“ Thou did'st prepare for the Waters their capacious Bed, and set Bounds to the raging Billows; by thee the Hills were crown'd with Plenty, and the Valleys dressed in their flow'ry
“ Pride:

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“ Pride, the Summer and Winter, the shady
 “ Night, and the bright Revolutions of the Day,
 “ are thine ; in all the wonderful Effects of Na-
 ture, we adore and confess thy Power.

“ *Thou rid'st upon the wild tempestuous Wind,*
 “ *And flying Storms obey thy potent Voice ;*
 “ *Sublime on Clouds thy dark Pavilion set,*
 “ *With Shades and gloomy Majesty invol'd ;*
 “ *Thy Hands the pointed Lightnings lance around,*
 “ *While Peals of Thunder shake the Firmament ;*
 “ *At thy Approach the kindling Forests smoke,*
 “ *And from their Base the trembling Mountains start,*
 “ *The Rivers ebb and flow at thy Command,*
 “ *Observe their wonted Course, or run reverse ;*
 “ *At thy Rebuke the frighted Waves divide,*
 “ *And with stupendous Motion, backward roll*
 “ *Their Crystal Volumns, to their inmost Spring.*
 “ *Thou all Things can'st, Thy mighty Mandate heard,*
 “ *Necessity and Nature are no more ; —*
 “ *Th' obedient Elements resign their League,*
 “ *And Wonderful Effects attest thee God !*

These, my dear Friend, are the Entertainments that brighten my Solitude, and free my Soul from its former Engagements ; those fading Graces, on which I once doted, vanish before a superior Excellence, as Stars before the rising Sun ; instead of repining I adore, I justify the great dispensing Power that has removed the darling of my Affections to fix them on immortal Beauty. I have lost nothing amiable or attractive, but what is found with divine Advantage in the fair Original.

I know

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I know you will congratulate me on this happy Change; it must please you to find that your pious Instructions, joined to the Sanctity of your Example, have not been entirely lost on,

Reverend SIR,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

AMINTOR.



L E T.



L E T T E R XII.

To the same.

S I R,



Have obeyed your Commands, in sending the enclosed; you will not require an Apology, for an Essay on this transporting Subject; Joy and Gratitude will speak, however disproportioned the Expressions.

On our SAVIOUR'S Nativity.

VICTORIOUS Love! How uncontroll'd thy
Pow'r!

How great thy Triumph, on that glorious Hour!
The high-rais'd Thrones above look'd down to see
The vanquish'd God a Captive led by thee:
His splendor in Mortality disguis'd,
The Principalities of Heav'n surpriz'd;
Th' indulgent Skies smil'd on the happy Birth,
While Peace and joyful Wonder hush'd the Earth.
Fly,

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Fly, rigid Winter, with thy horrid Face,
 And let the soft and lovely Spring take place;
 Oh come, thou fairest Season of the Year,
 With Garlands deck'd, and verdant Robes appear;
 At once produce the Summer's various Cost;
 Whatever Sweets her flow'ry Stores can boast:
 Full Canisters of *Sharon's* Roses spread,
 And dress with Art th' illustrious Infant's Bed;
 Rife the Gardens, search the painted Fields,
 For all the blooming Glories Nature yields.

But, O ye Products of the Earth how poor,
 To Heav'n's enamel'd Plains, are all your Store!
 Perpetual Greens, and never-fading Flow'rs,
 Enrich with soft Perfumes the immortal Bow'rs;
 And yet he left the bright Etherial Seats,
 For these cold Regions, and obscure Retreats.

Be hush'd, ye Winds, no angry Tempest rove,
 But sink in gentle Whispers through the Grove:
 With all *Arabia* load your balmy Wings,
 And Breath the Fragrance of ten thousand Springs.

Begin you Sweet Musicians of the Air,
 Let Nature all her soothing Sounds prepare;
 Let tuneful Art her various Measures bring,
 Each melting Tone, and ev'ry warbling String,
 Let Psalt'ries, Harps, and the loud Cymbal ring,
 Let the shrill Trumpets raise their sprightly Voice,
 While *Carmel*, and high *Lebanon*, rejoice.

He comes, O *Jacob*, thy long-promis'd King!
 Celestial Envoys the glad Tidings bring:
 O'er Earth's wide Compass to the distant Main,
 With Truth and perfect Justice he shall reign.

The sparkling Skies shall tarnish and decay,
 The Sun be quench'd, the Stars shall fade away;

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But he shall rise with a propitious Light,
Stand at High-Noon, and shine divinely bright.

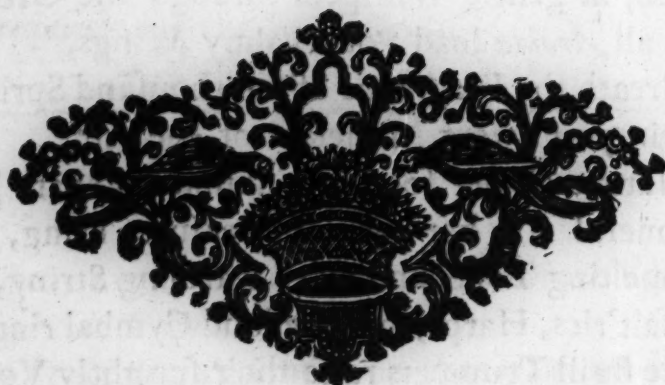
I shall now leave you to your own sublimer
Contemplation on this unbounded Theme, and
subscribe my self,

S I R,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

AMINTOR.



L E T.



L E T T E R X I I I .

To a Gentleman in France, from his Sister; giving him a Relation of her Lover's Misfortunes.

My dear Brother,



S my Passion for *Valerius* had in its Beginning your Approbation, you will not blame my Constancy at a Juncture when the unhappy Youth has no other Consolation: His Misfortunes have brought those Virtues into view, which in the Height of Prosperity he never found Occasion to exert; and as his Merit rises, you will not reproach me, in finding my Attachment to him more steady and resolved, than in the Splendor of his Fortune.

You know how much my Father picques himself on his Quality, and how averse he was when you left us to *Valerius's* Proposal, on no other Account but his being a Citizen, though a Man of great Virtue and Wealth: However, this last Motive, after some Deliberation, prevailed; I was suffered to receive his Addresses, and every Thing was preparing to celebrate the Marriage.

Valerius had always behaved himself in so obsequious a Manner to his Father, that he put a considerable Stock into his Hands, which the young Merchant had improved, by two or three successful Voyages into *Turkey*; so that it was in his Power, to make a Settlement vastly above my Fortune, and far beyond my Father's Expectation: But while the Lawyers were busy in drawing up the Articles, an unexpected Misfortune put a Stop to the whole Affair.

The Father of *Valerius* was an honest Man, but exceeding credulous, and was (unknown to his Son) drawn into many Engagements, for the Debts of an extravagant Brother, to whose Interest the compassionate old Man was too much attached: He soon found his Error, being surprized with several Arrests on his Brother's Account, for more than his whole Estate could answer.

The unhappy Youth was quickly informed of his Father's Distress, and flew to his Relief with all the Speed that filial Piety could give: One of their Friends who was present told me, there never was a more moving Interview: After a long Pause of silent Sorrow, the old Gentleman charged his Son not to involve himself in any Straits on his account, but leave him to suffer the Effects of his own Imprudence.

“ I know (continued he) the Happiness of
 “ your Life depends on your Marriage with the
 “ gentle *Lemira*, which will be entirely frustrated
 “ by your being concerned in this Affair; nor is
 “ your whole Fortune sufficient to disengage me
 “ from

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“ from this Confinement, but Death will soon
“ bring me a full Discharge from a Perplexity,
“ into which my too great Credulity and ill-
“ placed Compassion, has betray’d me: Yet this
“ and any Thing I can endure with Fortitude,
“ rather than you shall ruin your own Fortune
“ to extricate mine. Pray leave me (said he),
“ the Concern your Looks discover is at present
“ my heaviest Affliction.”

The sorrowful Youth immediately withdrew, and sending for all the Creditors, found that his whole Stock, except what was at Sea, added to his Father’s, would hardly do justice to many honest Traders Demands, who must be ruined, with their Families, without Satisfaction: But to whatever Exigence he reduced himself, he resolved to discharge his Father, which he soon accomplished by a handsome Composition.

Valerius’s whole Dependance now was on the Return of the *Turkey* Fleet, where he had considerable Effects: But my Father was so angry with him for engaging in his Father’s Affairs, that he forbid me ever seeing or thinking any more of him as a Lover. Nor did the Torrent of his Adversity stop here, for within a few Days he had Intelligence, that two Ships belonging to him, richly laden, were in their Return taken by a *Spanish* Pirate.

I was soon informed of this Disaster, and writ immediately to *Valerius*, in the softest Language that a Passion like mine could dictate; and (to conceal nothing from you) I offered to marry him, and put into his Possession that Part of my
Fortune

Fortune which was left by my Aunt, entirely in my own Power. If you should condemn this romantick Instance of Affection in me, you will certainly approve the Conduct of my young Philosopher, who in this Crisis of Love and Adversity, could act with such Composure and true Greatness of Mind, as you will find expressed in the following Letter.

“ To LEMIRA.

“ THE Distress I am in, too generous *Lemira*, has not reduced me to such an ab-
 “ ject Disposition, as by accepting the Offer you
 “ make me of your Fortune, to betray you into
 “ a State of Necessity and Contempt, on so low
 “ a Motive as my own Interest: Far be such a
 “ selfish View for ever from my Soul! you
 “ wrong me and your own Charms, if you
 “ think the Passion they have inspired, will suf-
 “ fer me to act any Thing unbecoming its Gran-
 “ deur. However, my Fortunes are sunk, my
 “ Mind keeps its native Elevation, and is un-
 “ tainted with any selfish or mercenary Design.
 “ If I loved you less, I might perhaps (abstract
 “ from your Happiness) pursue my own, and
 “ leave you at leisure to repent your Rashness,
 “ and curse the mercenary Wretch that was the
 “ Instrument of your Ruin.

“ Your Father has forbid you marrying me, on
 “ the Forfeiture of his Blessing; and shall I rob
 “ you of that, and bring the Weight of a pater-
 “ nal Curse on your Head! Shall I seduce you
 “ from

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“ from the Affluence and Splendor of Fortune,
“ to share in my Distresses, and struggle with
“ the Inconveniencies of low Life! Could I see
“ you reduced to Want and Obscurity, in hopes
“ it might be a Solace to my own Misery, and
“ lessen my Lot of human Cares! No; let me
“ stand acquitted by Heaven and Earth of such
“ Baseness as this.

“ Will you call this Coldness? will you term
“ it Indifference, and not rather the utmost Effort of Affection, the Triumph of a generous
“ Passion? Oh *Lemira*, you are dearer to me
“ than Life! Next to Heaven I love you. In
“ parting with you, I abandon every earthly
“ Joy; I quit my whole Share of human Happiness, and must sink into the last Dejection,
“ if Religion did not support me with its divine
“ Consolations.”

“ And here the Morning seems to break, a
“ Gleam of Peace salutes me, some presaging
“ Hopes of a prosperous Catastrophe smile
“ through the Darkness; nothing is impossible
“ to an Almighty Power; there are Virtues to
“ which Heaven has annexed Promises of a present Retribution: It was in the Practice of
“ the great Duties of Morality, I fell into this
“ Extremity; and here the divine Veracity has
“ engaged itself to secure me; all Events are in
“ the Hands of the sovereign Disposer; his Will
“ makes Nature and Necessity; no Obstacle puts
“ a stand to his Designs, nor obstructs the
“ Course of Providence; perpetual Beneficence
“ has not diminished his Stores, nor are the
“ Springs

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No Breach of Faithfulness his Honour stains,
With Day and Night his Word unchang'd remains;
The various Ordinances of the Sky
Stand forth his glorious Witnesses on high;
Summer and Winter, Autumn and the Spring,
For him by Turns their Attestations bring;
Unblemish'd his great League with Nature stands,
And full Reliance on his Truth demands:
Nothing that breaths a second Deluge fears,
When in the Clouds the radiant Bow appears.

Can the most High like Man at random speak;
Forfeit his Honour, and his Promise break?
Does he that falsely swears, his Vengeance claim?
And shall he stain his own tremendous Name?
'The Earth, the Heav'ns were Witnesses when he
swore

By his Great Self; what would thy Tears have
more?

And had a Greater than himself been found;
That Greater had the high Engagement bound.

Shall fleeting Winds th' Almighty's Words
disperse,

Or breathing Dust his solemn Oath reverse?

Can he like Man, unconstant Man, repent?

Shall any Chance or unforeseen Event

Start up his settled Purpose to prevent?

Or can he fail in the expected Hour,

A Stranger to his own Extent of Pow'r?

What Profit can a Worm his Maker bring,

'That he should flatter such a worthless Thing?

Why should he condescend to mind my Tears,

Or calm with soft deluding Words my Fears?

Can he (of perfect Happiness possest)
 Deride the Woes that human Life molest,
 Or mock the Hopes that on his Goodness rest. }
 Nature may change her Course, Confusion reign,
 And Men expect the rising Sun in vain;
 But should th' eternal Truth and Promise fail,
 Infernal Night and Horror must prevail;
 The Thrones of Light would shake; th' Angelic
 Pow'rs

Would stop their Harps amidst the blissful Bow'rs.
 No more the soft, the sweet melodious Strain,
 Would gently glide along the happy Plain;
 No more would tuneful *Hallelujahs* rise,
 And Shouts triumphant fill the sounding Skies:
 Each heav'nly Countenance a fullen Air
 Of Grief, and anxious Diffidence would wear.
 The golden Palaces, the splendid Seats,
 The flow'ry Mansions, and the soft Retreats,
 The rosy Shades, and sweet delicious Streams,
 Would disappear like transitory Dreams.

Angels themselves their brightest Hopes recline
 On nothing more unchangeable than mine.
 Am I deceiv'd? What can their Charter be?
 Fair Seraphim may be deceiv'd like me,
 If Goodness and Veracity Divine
 Can fail, their Heav'n's an airy Dream like mine.

But Oh! I dare the glorious Venture make,
 And lay my Soul and future Life at stake;
 Be Earth, be Heav'n at desp'rate Hazard lost,
 If here my Faith should prove an empty Boast!

Whate'er your Arts, ye Pow'rs of Hell, suggest,
 The Truth of God undaunted I attest:

Produce

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Produce your Annals with insulting Rage,
Bring out your Records, shew the dreadful Page,
One Instance where th'Almighty broke his Word,
Since first the Race of Men his Name ador'd;
In gloomy Characters point out the Hour,
Exert your Malice, summon all your Pow'r;
With Rites Infernal all your Pomp display,
And mark with Horror the tremendous Day:
Confus'd you search your dreadful Rolls in vain,
Th' eternal Honour shines without a Stain,
Unblemish'd shines in Men and Angels view;
Just are thy Ways, thou King of Saints, and true!

I inclosed this Letter, my dear Brother, to
shew you, with what Equality of Mind the gene-
rous Youth behaves himself in this Distress. I
beg you would hasten your Return to *England*,
in Compassion to

Your unhappy Friend and Sister,

LEMIRA.



L 2

L E T.



L E T T E R XIV.

To HERMINIUS.



HAVE just Reason to fear, my Essay on this noble Subject will not answer your Expectation; with whatever Fluency I could express my self, when inspired by mortal Beauty, the Pomp of Language fails me. Here the boldest Figures lose their Emphasis, and grow insipid on this superior Theme,

DIVINE LOVE.

FOR thee, fond Love, my darling Theme,
My Lute has oft been strung;
Thy Pow'r, by ev'ry answ'ring Stream,
In gentle Notes I sung.
Laurinda taught my Muse her Art,
And fill'd with tender Fires my Heart;
She taught me how to paint thy beauteous Face,
Thy charming Form, and ev'ry moving Grace.

But who shall guide the daring Strain?
Celestial Love! that aims at thee,
Thou fairest Offspring of the Deity?
I call the Pow'rs of Harmony in vain,
In vain the softest Accents I employ;
The brightest Metaphors in vain I chuse,
With all the melting Language Lovers use
To tell their Pain, or speak their rising Joy.

All

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All the Heights of pure Desire,
Holy Love, and heavenly Fire,
At once my panting Breast inspire:
Such Ardour smiling Martyrs know,
When defying every Foe,
In Triumph on to Death they go.

Tell me Thou, for whom I prove
All the fierce Extreame of Love,
How thy Charms, so far retir'd
From mortal Sense, have all my Bosom fir'd:
Greatness and Fame, Beauty and Harmony,
Are all but empty Names compar'd with thee:
Be thou but mine,
The whole Creation I at once resign.

Vanish, thou Earth, and ev'ry gawdy Scene
Of Hill and Dale, or Grove, or flow'ry Field,
When by the Spring adorn'd with cheerful Green:
Vanish what'er Delights thou else can'st yield,
Thou Sun be dark, and let eternal Night
Conceal thy vital Splendor from my Sight.
Thou Moon, and ev'ry gay ethereal Fire,
Burn out your golden Store;
I shall be blest, when all your Lights expire,
And Earth and Sea and Skies shall be no more!

Place me, where infernal Night
And endless Horror reign;
Where, banish'd far from Hope and Light,
Unhappy Ghosts complain:

Ev'n

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Ev'n there, one gentle Smile of thine
 Th' eternal Gloom would chase;
 Immortal Day would on me smile,
 And Pleasure fill the Place.

Should Heaven surround me with full Tides of Joy,
 And open all its Glories to my Sight,
 One Frown of thine would all that Heav'n destroy,
 And wither my Delight,
 One Frown of thine, th' immortal Groves would blast,
 And Darkness o'er the blissful Regions cast.

You, that sing in happy Bowers,
 And in unmingled Pleasures pass the Hours,
 That know the Height of heav'nly Bliss,
 Come play me some soft Air of Paradise;
 Gently strike your sweetest Strings,
 And touch my Soul on all its tender Springs,
 While rising on the Musick's downy Wings
 I'll bid at once Mortality adieu,
 And love and paint the sacred Flame like you.

But my dear *Herminius*, the present Perform-
 ance will convince you that I have not yet learnt
 the Strains of Immortality; and perhaps you will
 not think it necessary for me to make an Apology,
 for not being an Angel. However, if I can con-
 tribute to your Entertainment as a meer Mortal,
 you may command

Your most humble Servant,

EVANDER.

L E T-



LETTER XV.

TO ALONZO.



YOU have spent so many happy Hours at the Earl of * * * * 's fine Seat in the Country, that 'tis unnecessary to describe those beautiful Scenes, with which you are so well acquainted: Here I have passed a great Part of the Summer Season, in a manner suited to my contemplative Humour. Having no Taste for Country Diversions or any kind of rural Sports, my Pleasures were confined to the charming Shades and Gardens, with which the House is surrounded.

Here I enjoyed an unmolested Tranquility, 'till a Fit of Curiosity led me to make an Excursion into the wide Campaign, that opened before me from the Borders of the Park.

If I begin with the rosy Dawn, you will Pardon my romantick Stile in relating the surprising Adventure: But without telling a Lie, the Morning was yet dusky, the balmy Dew and fragrant Gales perfumed the Air with their untainted

Sweets;

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Sweets; while with Thoughts free as the airy Songsters that warble on the Branches, I wandered from rising Hills to winding Vales, through flow'ry Lawns to leafy Woods, till I found my self under the Shade of a venerable Row of Elms; which put me in mind of Sir Roger de Coverly's Rookery; the aged Trees shot their Heads so high, that to one who passed under them, the Crows and Rooks which rested on their Tops, seemed to be cawing in another Region. I was delighted with the Noise, while with the *Spectator* I considered it as a kind of natural Prayer to that Being, who supplies the Wants of his whole Creation; my Thoughts were inspired with a pleasing Gratitude, to the Beneficent Father of the Universe; till the Sequel of my Devotion was interrupted by the sight of a beautiful Girl, about four or five Years old, sitting on the Grass, with a Basket of Flowers in her Lap; which she was sticking in the snowy Fleece of a little Lamb, that stood tamely by her.

I began to hope it was one of the Fairy Race, or some pretty Phantom that haunted the Grove; for the adjacent House belonging to this reverend Avenue looked more like a Dormitory for the Dead than an Habitation for the Living; every thing about it appear'd ruinous and desolate; I could neither hear the Voice nor trace the Steps of mortal Men in this absolute Solitude, nor had I any hopes of knowing into what wild Region I was got, unless the pretty Figure sitting on the Grass could give me some Intelligence.

I made my Approaches very respectfully: But what was my Surprise, in drawing near to find the Air, the Complexion, every Feature in Miniature, of the ungrateful *Aurelia*, on whom I once so passionately doated: A thousand tormenting Ideas rushed into my Mind at the Sight of this lovely Creature, who smiled on me with the most enchanting Innocence. While I stood eagerly gazing at her, which was not long, *Aurelia* herself entered the Walk, and confirmed my Suspicion, that this Child was a living Proof of her Infamy.

'Tis about six Years since she eloped from the publick View, regardless of her own illustrious Family, or the Obligations she was under to the generous *Cleone*, who treated her with the utmost Confidence, and was the last that suspected her Husband's criminal Affair with her.

Be my own Wrongs forgot, and all the Contempt with which she treated whatever Proposals, Honour and a disinterested Passion could make. I found her now an Object of Pity, rather than Resentment; the Dejection of her Mind was visible in her Pale hagger'd Looks, and the wretched Negligence of her Habit. I could hardly persuade my self this was the celebrated Thing, that once appeared in all publick Places with such a Parade of Equipage and Vanity.

She was in the utmost Confusion at this Interview, 'till excusing my self I told her, this Intrusion was undesign'd, and purely the Effect of Chance, as I was taking a Morning's Ramble

from the Earl of ***'s, where I had spent some Time; and that she might depend on my Word, not to discover her Abode to any one in that Family.

By this time she was a little composed, and invited me to rest my self after my Walk: I followed her into the House, which looked more like the Mansions of Despair, than a Retreat for a Lady of Pleasure; an awful Silence reigned in every Room, thro' which I made a shift to find my way by a dim Twilight, that glimmered thro' some Windows of as antique a Figure as those of an old Abby. The Furniture I fancy has not been displaced from Times immemorable; it looks more like unweildy Lumber, than any thing designed for Use or Ornament: There was nothing of a modern Date but a Tea-Table, and that in ruinous Circumstances.

It was now about Ten o' Clock: *Aurelia* ordered Tea and Chocolate to be brought: All her Attendance was a fresh-coloured Country Lass, who withdrew as soon as we had breakfasted.

I was impatient to hear a Relation of *Aurelia's* Misfortunes, but durst not ask any Question, for fear it would look like insulting her Distress, only renewed my Excuses for interrupting her Privacy.

To which she reply'd, "That tho' I was the
 " last Person in the World she should have chose
 " to be a Witness of her Infamy, yet she thought
 " herself happy, in having an Opportunity to
 " make some Apology for her Injustice to me, in
 " refusing those Terms of Honour I once offered,
 " and

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“ and complying with such reproachful Condi-
“ tions, as had made her the most miserable Crea-
“ ture on Earth.

“ It was my criminal Inclination (continued
“ she) for *Cassander*, that made me inflexible to
“ your Intreaties, and my Father’s Commands, to
“ marry you. But whatever Wrong this was to
“ your Merit, my Guilt with regard to the ge-
“ nerous *Cleone* is of a higher Nature: The In-
“ trigue I had with her Husband was attended
“ with Circumstances of the blackest Treachery;
“ I had broke through the tenderest Engagements
“ of Friendship, and granted all that my disso-
“ lute Lover could ask; when finding myself
“ with Child, to hide my Infamy, he brought
“ me to this dismal Place, an old Mansion-House
“ belonging to his Family; where I am cut off
“ from human Society, except two or three stupid
“ Peasants, his Tenants, who reside in some part
“ of this Gothick Structure. ’Tis now six Years
“ since I have breathed and slept (for I cannot
“ call it living) in this melancholy Confinement,
“ without Hopes of a Release, being entirely
“ dependant on *Cassander*’s Allowance and Ca-
“ price, who but too well knows his own Power
“ and my Folly; which makes him, instead of the
“ humble Lover, act the imperious Tyrant: His
“ Visits are seldom, his Stay short, and I am left
“ whole Months to languish alone in a detested
“ Solitude.

“ This Child (continued she, weeping and ta-
“ king the lovely Creature in her Arms,) this
“ Child, which might have been my Joy, proves

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“ my greatest Affliction; should I die, she is im-
 “ mediately abandoned to Hardship and Necessi-
 “ fity; should I live, it distracts me to think she
 “ may follow my scandalous Example. How can
 “ I give her Instructions, to avoid those Vices,
 “ which my Practice approves; or recommend
 “ that Virtue whose sacred Rules I have so open-
 “ ly violated: And still I love this worthless Man;
 “ were I penitent, could I resolve on a Refor-
 “ mation, this Leisure and Retirement would be
 “ a Blessing, an Advantage to me; but I am ob-
 “ stinate in Guilt, while I despair of Happiness
 “ in this World or the next; ’till I came here,
 “ my Hours were spent in Frolick and Gaiety;
 “ a constant Series of Diversions shortened the
 “ Days, and gave Wings to the jovial Hours,
 “ which now have leaden Feet, and burthen’d
 “ with Grief, lag heavily along. No sort of Re-
 “ flection gives me Joy; whether I look back-
 “ ward or forward, all is Darkness and Confu-
 “ sion; I am no Way qualified for Retirement:
 “ Books are my Aversion, Thinking is my Hor-
 “ ror; I am weary of living, and afraid to die!

I heard this Account with a Heart full of Com-
 passion, and said what I could to persuade her, to
 break of this criminal Commerce with *Cassander*,
 and throw herself on the Care of Providence,
 and the Generosity of her Friends: But I had too
 much value for my own Peace, and too great
 a Contempt for a Woman of *Aurelia*’s Character,
 to make any particular Proposals for her Free-
 dom;

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dom; and bidding her Adieu, hasted back to the Earl's, without saying one Word of my Adventure; which I commit to your Secrecy, and subscribe my self,

Your most Humble Servant,

POLIDORE.



LET-



LETTER XVI.

ROSAMOND TO HENRY II.



EAD o'er these Lines, the Records
of my Shame,

If thou can'st suffer yet my hate-
ful Name;

Clean as this spotless Page, 'till
stain'd by me,

Such was my Conscience, 'till seduc'd by thee.
Chaste were my Thoughts, and all serene within,
'Till mark'd by thee with Characters of Sin.
Had some successful Lover in the Prime
Of equal Years, betray'd me to a Crime,
Resistless Love had been my best Defence,
And gain'd Compassion for the soft Offence:
But while thy wither'd Age had no such Charms,
To tempt a blooming Virgin to thy Arms,
I'm justly thought a Prostitute for Gold,
A mercenary Thing to sordid Interest sold.

Be curs'd that female Fiend, whose practis'd Art
With wanton Tales seduc'd my guiltless Heart;
Let her with endless Infamy be curs'd;
Of all the Agents Hell employs the worst:

Per-

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Perdition to herself the Wretch infur'd,
 When she my youthful Modesty allur'd.
 Oh fatal Day! when to my Virtue's Wrong,
 I fondly listen'd to her flattering Tongue!
 But oh! more fatal Moment, when she gain'd
 That vile Consent which all my Glory stain'd!

Yet Heav'n can tell, with what extream Regret
 The Fury of thy lawless Flames I met;
 For unexperienc'd in the Ways of Sin,
 A conscious Honour struggled still within.
 Oh could I! but the ill-tim'd Wish is vain,
 Could I my former Innocence regain!
 Thy profer'd Kingdom, *Henry*, were a Prize,
 Which balanc'd with that Wealth, I should despise.
 But I no more my Sex's Pride can boast,
 Alas! what has one Moment's Madness cost!

Not *Woodstock's* charming Bow'rs can ease my
 For I must fly myself to find Relief: (Grief,
 Oft while the Sun in lenth'ning Shades declines;
 And thro' the waving Trees more mildly shines;
 Alone thro' all the beauteous Walks I rove,
 And hope the Sweets of Solitude to prove:
 But at my Sight, each verdant Prospect wears
 A gloomy View, and every Plant appears
 To bend its Top, o'ercharg'd with dewy Tears;
 Methinks each painted Blossom hangs its Head,
 Avoids my Touch, and withers where I tread.

If Angling near a Crystal Brook I stand,
 And with deluding Skill the Bait command;
 The cautious Fish that fly the Snare, upbraid
 My heedless Youth more easily betray'd.

Amidst the Garden, wrought by curious Hands
 A noble Statue of *Diana* stands;

Naked

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Naked she stands, with just Proportions grac'd,
 And bathing in a Silver Fountain's plac'd;
 When near the flow'ry Borders I advance,
 At me she seems to dart an angry Glance:
 What Scenes, alas, can please a guilty Mind!
 What Joy can I in these Recesses find,
 For lawless and forbidden Love design'd?
 In some obscure and melancholy Cell,
 Rather a weeping Penitent I'd dwell,
 Than here a glorious Prostitute remain,
 To all my Sex's Modesty a Stain.

This stately Lab'rinth, rais'd with vast Expence,
 Displays my Shame, and its Magnificence:
 As through the stately Rooms I lately walk'd,
 And with my Woman of its Paintings talk'd,
 She spy'd the Draught of *Tarquin's* wanton
 Flame,
 And heedless ask'd the injur'd Beauty's Name;
 This, I reply'd, is that illustrious Dame,
 Renown'd for Chastity,——I should have said;
 But here a rising Blush my Face o'erspread,
 Confus'd I stop'd, and left th' inquiring Maid;
Lucretia's Story on my Life had cast
 A black Reproach, who yet can live disgrac'd;
 I should like her with just Resentment prest,
 Have plung'd the fatal Dagger to my Breast.

What specious Colours can disguise my Sin;
 Or still the restless Monitor within:
 Thy Greatness, *Henry*, but augments my Shame;
 And adds immortal Scandal to my Name:
 My odious Name, which, as the worst Disgrace,
 The *Cliffords* cancel from their noble Race!

To what propitious Refuge shall I run,
The Terrors of a guilty Mind to shun?
In vain the Sun its Morning Pride displays;
I turn my Eyes and sicken at its Rays;
The Silver Moon, and sparkling Stars by Night,
Torment me too with their officious Light:
The glimm'ring Tapers round my Chamber
plac'd,

Across the Room fantastick Shadows cast;
Of all my Dreams, the melancholy Scene
Presents an injur'd, a revengeful Queen.

Last Night when Sleep my heavy Eyes had
clos'd,
To all her Rage methought I stood expos'd!
Wild were her Looks, a poison'd Cup she brought;
And proudly offer'd me the fatal Draught;
The destin'd Bowl I took with trembling Hands;
Compel'd to execute her fierce Commands:
This dismal Omen aggravates my Fears,
Before my Fancy still the furious Queen appears.



N

L E T.



LETTER XVII.

MARY Queen of *France* to CHARLES
BRANDON Duke of *Suffolk*.

The Princess MARY, Henry the VIIIth's younger Sister, being in Love with the Duke of Suffolk, was for publick Reasons married to LEWIS XII. of France, who died in six Months after. The Queen being again at Liberty, writes the following Epistle to the Duke of Suffolk, her first Lover.

An Imitation of *Draiton's* Epistle.



ET these soft Lines my kindest
Thoughts convey,
And tell thee what I suffer by thy
Stay.

Did Seas divide us, this might well
excuse

Thy Negligence, and my fond Heart abuse;
But *Calais* from the *Kentish* Strand is seen,
A gentle Current only rolls between.

Nor needs my *Suffolk*, like *Leander*, brave
A threat'ning Death in ev'ry breaking Wave,

When,

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When, guided only by a glim'ring Light,
 He cross'd the stormy *Hellespont* each Night.
 Tall Ships with flying Sails and lab'ring Oars,
 Attend to land thee on the *Gallic* Shores.
 But thou art chang'd! that Ardour is expir'd,
 Which once thy Wishes with Impatience fir'd,
 When *Savoy's* blooming Dutchess strove in vain
 From me the Conquest of thy Heart to gain:
 Invited by Great *Henry's* Martial Fame,
 The haughty Princess with her Brother came,
 To compliment the King for *Tournay* gain'd;
 Where in a rich Pavilion entertain'd,
 Thy noble Form th' unguarded Fair surpriz'd;
 Nor were her tender Wishes long disguis'd.
 Whatever Flatt'ry, Love, or wanton Art
 Could do, she practis'd to seduce thy Heart.
 Great *Anthony*, by such Allurements gain'd,
 For *Cleopatra* all his Glory stain'd:
 But thy firm Faith no Injury receiv'd,
 For you were just, or I was well deceiv'd.
 Nor were my Virgin Vows less true to thee,
 When young *Castile* address'd the Court for me;
 The Charms of profer'd Empire I resign'd,
 And all that could Ambition move declin'd,
 A softer Passion had possess'd my Mind;
 And while unrival'd in thy Breast I reign'd,
 My Thoughts the Lustre of a Crown disdain'd.
 But ah! what Changes human Joys attend!
 On airy Chance our brightest Hopes depend.
 Victorious *Henry's* Arms still meet Success;
 The vanquish'd *Gauls* at last propose a Peace.

By *Woolsey's* Policy their Terms succeed,
 And both the hostile Nations are agreed,
 While I the publick Victim am decreed.
 Condemn'd to share the *Christian Monarch's* Bed,
 And curs'd with that Magnificence I fled.
 I know my Rank no private Choice allow'd,
 And what a Princess to her Country ow'd.
 These splendid Maxims should have sway'd my
 Breast,

But Love entirely had my Soul possess'd.
 How oft I wish'd my humble Lot had been
 Beneath the glorious Hazard of a Queen,
 That crown'd by rural Maids with painted
 Flow'rs,

I rang'd the Fields, and slept in verdant Bow'rs;
 Belov'd of some young Swain with *Brandon's* Face,
 His Voice, his Gesture, and his blooming Grace,
 In all but Birth and State resembling thee;
 Then unmolested had we liv'd, and free
 From those unhappy Turns which Greatness
 brings;

While Rocks and Meadows, Shades and purling
 Springs,

The flow'ry Valley, and the gloomy Grove,
 Had heard of no superior Name to Love.

Such Scenes of this inglorious Life I drew,
 And half believ'd the charming Fiction true,
 'Till real Ills dissolv'd the pleasing Dreams;

The Groves and Valleys fled, the Lawns and
 Silver Streams.

The gay fantastick Paradise I mourn'd,
 While Courts and Factions, Crowns and Cares
 return'd.

With

Moral and Entertaining. 93

With Sighs I still recall the fatal Day,
 When no Pretence could gain a longer Stay.
 The lovely Queen my parting Sorrow saw,
 Nor *Henry's* Presence kept my Grief in awe:
 No Rules of decent Custom could control,
 Or hide the wild Disorder of my Soul,
 When ship'd for *France* before the dancing Wind
 The Navy fled, and left my Hopes behind.
 With weeping Eyes I still survey'd the Strand,
 Where on a rising Cliff I saw thee stand,
 Nor once from thence my stedfast Sight withdrew,
 'Till the lov'd Object was no more in view.
 Farewell, I cry'd, dear charming Youth, with thee
 Each cheerful Prospect vanishes from me.

Loud Shouts and Triumphs on the *Gallic* Coast
 Salute me, but the noisy Zeal was lost;
 Nor Shouts nor Triumphs forc'd my least Regard,
 Thy parting Sighs methought was all I heard.
 But now at *Albeville* by *Lewis* met,
 I strove the Thoughts of *Suffolk* to forget:
 For here my Faith was to a Monarch vow'd,
 And solemn Rites my Passion disallow'd:
 However pure my former Flames had been,
 Unblemish'd Honour made them now a Sin.
 But scarce my Virtue had the Conquest gain'd,
 And ev'ry wild forbidden Wish restrain'd,
 When at *St. Dennis*, with imperial State
 Invested, on the *Gallic* Throne I sat;
 The Day with noble Tournaments was grac'd,
 Your Name among the *British* Champions plac'd.
 Invited by a guilty Thirst of Fame,
 Without Regard for my Repose you came.

The

The Lifts I saw thee ent'ring with Surprise,
 And felt the dazzling Glances of thine Eyes.
 Ye sacred Pow'rs (I cry'd) that rule above!
 Defend my Breast from this perfidious Love.
 Ye holy Lamps! before whose awful Lights,
 I gave my Hand; and ye religious Rites!
 Assist me too; nor let a Thought unchast,
 Or guilty Wish, my plighted Honour blast:
 While Passion struggling with my pious Fears,
 Forc'd from my Eyes involuntary Tears.
 Some tender Blossom thus, with Leaves enlarg'd,
 Declines its Head, with Midnight Dew o'er-
 charg'd:

The passing Breezes shake the gentle Flow'r,
 And scatter all around a pearly Show'r.
 From this distracting Hour I shun'd thy Sight,
 And gain'd the Conquest by a prudent Flight:
 But human Turns and Sov'reign Destiny
 Have set me now from these Engagements free.
 The Stars propitious to my Virgin Love
 My first Desires and early Vows approve,
 While busy Politicians urge in vain,
 That publick Reasons should my Choice restrain;
 That none but *York's* or *Lancaster's* high Race,
 Or great *Plantagenet's* I ought to grace:
 Nor *Suffolk* wants a long illustrious Line,
 And Worth, that shall in future Records shine.
 They own'd thy Valour, when thy conqu'ring
 Lance

Carry'd the Prize from all the Youth of *France*.
 Thy Merit *Henry's* constant Favour shows,
 And Envy only can my Choice oppose.

Thy

Thy noble Presence, Wit, and fine Address,
 The *British* and the *Gallic* Court confess;
Alañon's Shape, and *Vendôme's* sparkling Eye,
 Count *Paul's* gay Mien, and *Bourbon's* Majesty,
 No longer are admir'd when thou art by.
 There nothing wants to justify my Flame,
 The Statesmen grant but a poor empty Name.
 And what's the gawdy Title of a King?
 What sort of Bliss can Royal Grandeur bring?
 When thou art absent, what's the Court to me;
 But tiresome State, and dull Formality?
 This Toy a Crown, I would resign, to prove
 The peaceful Joys of Innocence and Love.



L E T.



L E T T E R XVIII.

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

From OVID.



Istracted with his Stay, yet still the
same,

True to her antient Vows and early
Flame,

Penelope salutes her absent King :

Oh ! would himself at last an Answer bring !

Proud *Troy* is fall'n, our *Grecian* Virgins Hate,

Yet not th' unrival'd Riches of her State,

Nor all the Glories of her Monarch's Throne,

Can for the Pains thy Absence gives atone.

Oh ! had the Waves that gently waisted o'er

The lustful *Phrygian* to the *Spartan* Shore,

Plung'd in the deep the guilty Load they bore !

Abandon'd then I should not waste away

In unavailing Moans the lazy Day ;

Or lost to Joy, and widow'd of Delight,

Curse the dull lagging Hours of the more tedious
Night.

Fruitful of Doubts, my Love still fear'd for you
Dangers unknown, and greater than the true.

I

I thought

Stiz Moral and Entertaining. 97

I thought all *Troy* conspir'd against thy Head,
And *Hector's* Name, but mention'd, struck me
Trembling I heard of false *Achilles* slain, (dead.
And wept to find the bold Deceit was vain:

Hepolemus fell by the *Lycian* Spear,

Hepolemus renew'd my anxious Care.

In short, at every *Grecian* Hero's Fall,

Thro' the long War before the fatal Wall,

A thrilling Coldness ran thro' ev'ry Part,

Chill'd up my Blood, and shudder'd at my Heart.

But my chaste Passion mov'd the pitying Skies;

My Lord is safe, and *Troy* in Ashes lies.

With prosp'rous Gales the *Argive* Chiefs return,

And to their Country Gods barbarick Incense
burn.

The Wives in pious Gifts declare their Joy,

While their sav'd Husbands tell the Fate of *Troy*:

Old Men and frighted Virgins fix'd around;

In dumb Amazement dwell upon the Sound:

The Soldiers in gay Feasts their Cares Compose;

And mark in Wine the Scenes of antient Woes:

This is *Sigæum*, here swift *Simois* flow'd,

There high erect old *Priam's* Palace stood;

Here fierce *Pelides* urg'd the dreadful War,

There fix'd the bleeding *Hector* to his Car:

There mov'd *Ulysses* certain of Success;

Greater his Conduct, nor his Courage less:

'Twas *Nestor* told us all; he told us too

The Arts that *Dolon* and the *Thracian* slew.

Heedless and too forgetful as you were,

In you I'm sure 'twas criminal to dare:

When you but for one faithful Friend alone

Dealt Fate to Squadrons, and provok'd your own;

Part III.

000000000000

How

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How well your Wife and Infant left behind,
 How well your tender Passion fill'd your Mind!
 I fainted as I heard the dreadful Tale,
 Scarce your Success could o'er my Fears prevail.
 But what's Success, what's ruin'd *Troy* to me,
 Or all the savage Joys of Victory?
 If still unblest I sink beneath my Pain,
 And never must enjoy my Lord again!
 For other Wives destroy'd, to me still stands
 The Wall erected by immortal Hands.
 Now plenteous Harvests grow where *Ilium* stood,
 The Soil well fatten'd with the Natives Blood.
 O'er ruin'd Palaces, that reach'd the Skies,
 Low Spires of Grass and humble Shrubs arise.
 Still of the Conqu'ror's Absence I complain,
 Nor know what distant Worlds my wandering
 Lord detain.

ULTSSES I of ev'ry Ship require,
 The Sailors with repeated Questions tire
 Hopeless and half-despairing yet I write;
 The cruel Pow'rs, that envy me Delight,
 May bring at least my Letters to your Sight. }
 To *Pylos*, antient *Nestor's* fruitful Reign,
 And *Sparta's* injur'd Court I sent in vain;
 For nor from *Sparta*, nor from *Pylos* came,
 Ought save wild Rumors and uncertain Fame.
 Again I wish *Troy's* lofty Tow'rs might rise,
 And curse the thoughtless Vows that gain'd the
 Skies.

War's Hazards then would be my only Care,
 And I in common with a thousand fear:
 Now all the Dangers of the Land and Seas
 Are present to my Thoughts, and banish Ease:

While

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While you alas! perhaps with Pleasure rove,
 And faithless nourish a forbidden Love;
 Take some deluding Harlot to your Breast,
 And in her Arms with lawless Transports blest,
 Make my dull easy Constancy your Jest.
 Ye Pow'rs! avert the Thought I cannot bear,
 And give my vain Suspicions to the Air.
 Whate'er may be the Reasons of thy Stay,
 Oh! may'st thou never willingly delay!
 Me to a second Choice my Sire invites,
 Chides my Delays, and urges all his Rights.
 Still let him urge, my Love my Faith assures,
 I am, I must, I will be ever yours.
 Yet my warm Pray'rs the good old Monarch move,
 He views my Tears, and mourns my hapless Love.
 But a vile Train of thoughtless Youths proclaim
 With lawless Impudence a sawcy Flame.
 Hither from *Zante* and *Samos* they resort,
 And revel unmolested in thy Court.
 Treasures, the Purchase of thy Blood they seize,
 Those Spoils *Eurymachus*, *Pisander* these,
Antinous here with equal Rage possesse,
 There greedy *Polybus*, a constant Guest,
 Plunder around,——And need I name the rest,
 Who in your absence on our Vitals pray,
 And waste in costly Luxury the Day.
 The Beggar *Irus*, a detested Name,
 And base *Melanthus* lost, compleat thy Shame.
 'Gainst these Insults what Force can I employ?
 What thy old Father, or thy tender Boy?
 For his dear Life a thousand Snares are laid,
 And certain Ruin aim'd at his unguarded Head.

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Preserve him Heaven! and if we ne'er must join,
 Yet may he live to close your Eyes and mine.
 In vain *Laertes* does his Pow'r oppose,
 Unfit for War against surrounding Foes.
Telemachus will soon to Fame aspire,
 Now his soft Years a Parent's Aid require.
 Oh! thou, our only Hope and Refuge come,
 Dispel our Dangers, and avert our Doom:
 Form the young Hero in the Arts of War,
 To rival thee, but with more Caution dare.
 Hast, and relieve your Sire with Years oppress'd,
 Once more he longs to clasp you to his Breast,
 Then shake of tedious Life, and sink to Rest. }
 Oh! haste to me,——A little longer Stay
 Will ev'ry Grace, each fancy'd Charm decay?
 Increasing Cares, and Time's resistless Rage,
 Will waste my Bloom, and wither it to Age;
 Yet at thy Sight wild Joys and sprightly Love
 Shall dying Youth recall, and ev'ry Charm improve.





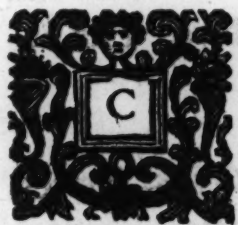
SIX

LETTERS

From Laura to Aurelia.

LETTER I.

From LAURA, giving an Account of her Brother's criminal Amour, and her own Passion for the Handsome Hermit.



COULD your Importunity have prevailed with my Brother to have left me in *London*, you had been free from the Vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the Confident of all my Country Adventures; and I hope you will relieve my Chagrin, by telling me what the dear, bewitching, busy World, is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my Time in rural Shades. How happy are you, my dear *Aurelia*! How I envy you the Enjoyment of Dust, of Crowds and Noise, with all the polite Hurry of the *Beau Monde*.

My

My Brother brought me here to see a Country Seat he has lately purchased: He would fain persuade me 'tis finely situated; but I should think it more finely situated in the *Mall*, or even in *Cheapside* than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that 'tis at a dreadful Distance from the Theatre Royal in *Drury Lane*, from the Opera, from the Masquerade, and every thing in this World that is worth living for.

I can scarce tell you whither to direct your Letters; we are certainly at the Ends of the Earth, on the Borders of the Continent, the Limits of the habitable Globe, under the Polar Star, among wild People and Savages. I thought we should never have come to the End of our Pilgrimage; nor could I forbear asking my Brother, if we were to travel by dry Land to the *Antipodes*; not a Mile but seemed ten that carried me from *London*, the Centre of all my Joys.

The Country is my Aversion, I hate Trees and Hedges, steep Hills, and silent Valleys: The Satyrists may laugh, but to me,

“*Green Fields, and shady Groves, and Crystal Springs,*
“*And Larks, and Nightingales, are odious Things.*

I had rather hear *London* Cries, with the Rattle of Coaches, than sit listening to the melancholy Murmur of purling Brooks, or all the wild Musick of the Woods; the Smell of Violets gives me the Hystericks; fresh Air murders me; my Constitution is not robust enough to bear it;
the

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the cooling Zephyrs will fan me into a Catarrh, if I stay here much longer.

If these are the Seats of the Muses, let them unenvy'd enjoy their glittering Whimsies, and converse with the visionary Beings of their own forming. I have no Fancy for Dryades and Fairies, nor the least Prejudice to Human Society; a meer earthly Beau, with an embroider'd Coat, suits my Taste better than an aerial Lover with his shining Tresses and Rainbow Wings.

The sober Twilight, which has employed so many soft Descriptions, is with me a very dull Period; nor does the Moon (on which the Poets dote) with all her starry Train delight me half so much as an Assembly-Room, illuminated with Wax-Candles: This is what I should prefer to the glaring Sun in his meridian Splendor: Day-light makes me sick; it has something in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for Peasants to make Hay in, or Country Lasses to spin by, than for the Use of People of Distinction.

You pity me I know, dear *Aurelia*, in this deplorable State; the whole Creation is a blank to me, 'tis all joyless and desolate: In whatever gay Images the Muses have dressed these rustick Abodes, I have not Penetration enough to discover them: Nor the flowery Field, nor spangled Sky, the rosy Morn, or balmy Evening, can recreate my thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical Enthusiast; and without either of these Qualifications, what should I do in silent Retreats and pensive Shades.

I find

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I find myself little at ease in this Absence of the noisy Diversions of the Town; 'tis hard for me to keep up my Spirits in Leisure and Retirement; it makes me anxiously inquisitive what will become of me when my Breath flies away: Death, that ghastly Phantom, perpetually intrudes on my Solitude, and in some doleful Knell from a neighbouring Steeple, often calls upon me to ruminate on Coffins and Funerals, Graves, and gloomy Sepulchres: These dismal Subjects put me in the Vapours, and make me start at my own Shadow; nor have I acquired any great Degree of Fortitude by turning Free-Thinker and unlearning

“ All that the Nurse and all the Priest have taught.

Mr. POPE.

You have been too often of our Party, not to know my Brother is a very Infidel: He has a sort of Vanity in making me a Profelyte, and freeing my Mind from those Prejudices (as he calls them) and superstitious Notions, which govern a great Part of the World; but as he finds me a little unwilling to resign my Immortality, he has furnished me with a System of Transmigration, and the eternal wandering of the Soul from one Species of Being to another.

However, I do not find myself a Gainer by renouncing my Creed, which allowed me to hope that after the Period of this mortal Life, I might be an Angel, or at least equal to those bright Essences.

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But by this fantastick Scheme, to which my Brother is making me a Convert, my Pretensions are sunk; the utmost I can expect, when I have shifted my present Existence, is to grin in a Monkey, or look demure in a broad-fac'd Owl, or to sit a Chattering Magpye in a Bush; 'tis a Chance among which of the Animal Race I am to be numbered, whether I shall mount the Air with the winged Inhabitants, or crawl on the Earth among my Brother Reptiles, or graze in the Meadows with the Horned Tribe. Indeed I have no great Stomach to Grass or Hay, and as little Inclination to sleep in a Den, or stretch my hairy Bulk on the dewy Plain: But 'tis yet uncertain, whether I am to stalk, or fly, or swim; I am still at a loss, which of these various Clans to greet as my next Kindred.

However, I am better pleased with being what I am, than any thing else; I had rather be a celebrated Toast, fluttering at a Ball among Beaus and pretty Fellows, than the most gaudy Butterfly hovering with painted Wings over a Bed of Tulips: If this should be my ensuing Fate, it will be a mortifying Descent from a Goddess to an Insect.

And really there is something so gloomy and uncomfortable in these Prospects of Futurity, that if I consider them much longer, I shall turn Christian again in Defiance of my Brother and a learned Unbeliever his Companion, who are perpetually ridiculing my Concern about a visionary Hereafter, as they Term it.

Indeed this would be the least of my Cares, were I not extremely at Leisure, but as I am, 'tis impossible for me to avoid being solicitous what Fate attends me, when I resign this transitory Life, for I must certainly dye; I am mortal beyond Contradiction; this Truth sits heavy on my Soul; there is no flying its Evidence, nor does this Place afford any Amusement to divert the gloomy Reflection. If I should turn Devotee, you would think it a more wonderful Metamorphosis than any I have nam'd: But in all Changes I am constantly

Yours, &c.

LAURA.

P. S. I have a Secret to tell you concerning my Brother, which you shall know in my next Letter; for I am as impatient to discover it as you can be to hear it.



L E T-



LETTER II.

To AURELIA.



HAVE too much Confidence in my dear *Aurelia*, to conceal any thing from her, nor can it be an Injury to my Brother to trust you with his Character, and know him to be as great a Libertine in his Practice as his Principles.

But in whatever Freedoms he has indulged himself, I must own he has always endeavoured to give me a just Sense of Honour, and the Decorum due to my Sex; while he has taken pains to free me from the Restraints of Religion, he has left nothing unsaid on other Motives that might raise in me the tenderest Concern for a clear Reputation: Which made me the more resent his scandalous Conduct, when I found he had a Mistress in his House, whom he had sent hither two or three Days before we came: I knew not what to do, nor how to behave my self in this Exigence, till I found she was rather an Object of Compassion than Reproach, and that she came hither, not to indulge an infamous Amour, but

to shelter herself from Want and the Resentment of her Relations.

She told me the Story of her Misfortune, as well as the Distress and Confusion she was in would permit; and asking me a thousand Pardons, ingenuously owned she had engaged my Brother to bring me with him, or not to follow her.

I found her Education had been strictly modest, and that she was unacquainted with the vicious Part of the World. She is hardly Sixteen, her Name *Charlotte*, the only Child of a noted Citizen, who was utterly ruined in his Affairs by a crafty *Jew*; from the Height of Credit, the unhappy Man found himself sunk into Circumstances of Disgrace and Indigence.

This was a melancholy Turn to *Charlotte*, just in the Vanity of youthful Expectations, to find herself, from the Affluence of Fortune so suddenly reduced to Poverty and Contempt. My Brother (whom she had sometimes seen with her Father, but knew nothing of his Character) took this unfortunate Crisis to tempt her with rich Presents and fair Promises, to leave her Friends, and retire to some private Lodgings he had got for her.

In this Distraction of Affairs her Father being under an Arrest, and all his Effects seized, she was surprised into a Compliance with my Brother's Proposal; nor did he give her Time to reflect or consult any of her Relations, who soon got Intelligence of this Dishonour, and sent her a severe Prohibition to see their Faces no more.

This cruel Message, with the sad Tidings of her Mother's Death that followed, and the full Evidence

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dence that she was deluded by my Brother with feigned Promises of Marriage, had almost proved fatal to her Life; nor could any Argument allay her Sorrow, 'till her distressed Lover engaged never to ask any future Favour of her, but what the nicest Virtue might grant: On this Condition she consented to go to his new Seat in the Country, for indeed she has no other Refuge. He has kept his Promise; she lodges in my Appartment, and is treated by him with as much Decency as if she was his Sister.

I never thought such a Libertine would turn Platonick; 'tis an unusual Refinement, and I believe the first Gallantry of this Kind he ever practised; but he has an Esteem, a Tenderness for her, of which by his dissolute Manners I always fancied him incapable.

Her Behaviour is really modest, nor was there ever a more natural Impression of Truth and Innocence, than appears in her Face: Her too credulous Temper, and unexperienced Years, have betrayed her into this State of Shame and Misery, of which (though too late) she seems exquisitely sensible. Since I began this Letter, she came into my Closet, and with a Flood of Tears begged me to contrive some Way to free her from this dangerous Place.

“ But whither (she said) can I fly? my Friends
“ will never receive me, nor have I the Confidence to meet their Reproaches: My Crime
“ has sent a tender Mother weeping to her
“ Grave, it loads my Father's hoary Head with
“ a heavier Weight of Sorrow than all his other
“ Misfortunes.

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" Misfortunes. Love was not my Excuse, I am
 " yet a Stranger to that Passion; it was a Cow-
 " ardice, 'twas fear of Poverty, a criminal Dis-
 " trust of celestial Providence: I should have
 " begged, I should have starved, rather than part-
 " ed with my Innocence on such mercenary
 " Terms. However sincere my Repentance is,
 " it can signify nothing, with regard to the
 " World; the Scandal will never be obliterated;
 " I must either face the publick Contempt, or
 " waste my Days in a joyless Obscurity. Put
 " my Condition in the best Light; would this false
 " Man, as he promised, marry me, what oppro-
 " brious Language, what Terms of Infamy, must
 " I expect in his Intervals of Chagrin! Besides
 " this, the Impiety of his Conversation terrifies
 " me; while I hear him make a Jest of those
 " sacred Subjects, for which I have been taught
 " the highest Veneration, I should live happier
 " with a wild *American*."

I made her no Reply; the Reasoning was too
 just to admit a Contradiction; but this melancholy
 Instance makes me more than ever resolved not
 to surrender, nor even capitulate on any Terms
 but those of a Lawful *English* Wife. Adieu.

LAURA.



L E T.



LETTER III.

To AURELIA.



WHAT mutable Things we are! You will be surpris'd to hear I am grown fond of the Country, and have acquired a Relish for its harmless Delights: I can talk to an Echo, or listen with great Attention to a purling Stream; I am in a fair Way to make Garlands, invoke the Muses, and write Pastorals. Since you heard last from me, I have met with an agreeable Adventure, that has given a Sort of romantick Turn to my Imagination.

As I was taking my constant Diversion of riding on the Downs, the Evening being exceeding pleasant, I wandered some Miles beyond my usual Limits, 'till I came in sight of a venerable Pile of Building, which could be distinguished from a Church by nothing but the Want of a Steeple: Every Thing about it had an Air of Grandeur and Antiquity. At some Distance from the House, there was a thick Wood, with several fine Walks cut through it.

I had

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I had a great Inclination to ramble in those agreeable Shades; and alighting, ordered my Footman to wait at the Place, where I left him. It was not long before I came to the Centre of the Forest, in which was a large Grass-Plat of a circular Figure, with a double Row of high Elms growing in the same Form round it: In the middle of the Green was a little Mount, that by easy Steps of Tuff had a winding Ascent to the Top; where stood an Arbor of Jessamine, Woodbine, and Roses, twisted together with a Sort of elegant Disorder; the gaudy Blossoms pleased the Sight, while their mingled Sweets perfumed the ambient Air. On the lower Branches of the circling Elms, hung several gilt Cages, with a Variety of Singing-Birds in them; which were now chanting their Evening Songs, while a musical Flagelet in clear and shrill Responses, answered from the delicious Arbor.

I began to think, there were indeed such Things as enchanted Forests and vocal Groves; or that the great Spirit of Nature was solacing itself in those innocent Abodes: However, Female Curiosity led me on, 'till I came to the charming Bower; where I found a well-dressed beautiful Youth, of about Seventeen, sitting with a Flagelet in his Hand. His Complexion was a lively Brunette, that disgraced the Lilly and the Roses; his dark Hair fell in large and graceful Curls below his Neck; nothing could be more elegant than his Shape and Feature; nor was there any meeting the Splendor of his Eyes, without being sensible of every darting Glance.

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I made some Apology for my Intrusion, which he answered with an easy natural Civility; nor could I perceive, that my Presence gave him the least Surprise or Confusion. He received me with perfect Composure, nor seemed to have any manner of Curiosity to know whence I came, or whither I was going, nor (to my great Mortification) did he so much as ask whether I was a Mortal or a Goddes.

It gave me some Uneasiness, I confess, to find myself no more an Object of Surprise, to one who perhaps had never seen any Thing so fine in his Life; for I was in a very rich Habit, blazing with Scarlet and Gold. You cannot imagine how it humbled my Vanity, to observe with what Indolence and Tranquillity the young Insensible look'd at me; and the more, because he did not seem to want Wit or Politeness. I was extremely vexed, that at Three and twenty he should treat me with as much Indifference and Respect, as if I had been his Great Grandmother.

This Sedateness gave me a Curiosity to pry into his Studies; for I saw two Books lie near the Place where he sat: When I opened them, I found one was a *Discourse of the Government of the Passions*; the other, a *Treatise of the Immortality of the Soul*. I had nothing to say on those grave Subjects, but after some formal Discourse of the fine Situation of the Place, I took my leave of it; the young Philosopher attending me to the Limits of the Wood, where I left my Servant;

and there we parted, without any seeming Reluctance on either Side.

But I own I had a restless Curiosity to know the History of this lovely Youth, and to whom the House belonged; nor was it long before I received Satisfaction from a Clergyman, that was riding the same Road with me. He said, “The
 “ Mansion was Sir *Harry Lizzard's*, a Man of
 “ Merit, and well acquainted with the World,
 “ at which he was now unreasonably disgusted,
 “ and grown solitary on the Account of the
 “ Death of his eldest Son, to whom he had given
 “ a very liberal Education, and with a generous Allowance sent him into *Italy*, where
 “ his Time was spent in the most dissolute manner; being unhappily engaged with a lewd
 “ Woman, in a Fit of Jealousy shot himself
 “ through the Head. This tragical Event made
 “ Sir *Harry* resolve to give his younger Son a
 “ quite different Education: Indeed his Character is entirely the Reverse of his elder Brother's; he is remarkable for his early Piety,
 “ and great Proficiency in all Sorts of Learning,
 “ having a very polite and ingenious Person for
 “ his Tutor: But *Philocles*, that is the young
 “ Gentleman's Name, has too great an Allay
 “ of Gravity for his early Years, and is of so
 “ retired a Temper, that he is known by the
 “ Title of *The Handsome Hermit*, as he is indeed
 “ very handsome.

Here

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Here the Clergyman left me, overjoyed with this Intelligence. As soon as I got Home, I related my Adventure to *Charlotte*; who gave me but little Attention, being, as I told you, in the utmost Anxiety, at the manner of Life to which she was confined. I am,

Dear AURELIA,

Most sincerely Yours, &c.

LAURA.



Q 2

L E T.



L E T T E R IV.

To AURELIA.



SINCE you received my last Letter, I have taken another Ramble in Sir *Harry Lizzard's* Forest: My Brother knows nothing of this Adventure, and the first Afternoon that I found him engaged, I persuaded *Charlotte* to go with me; who was glad of any Pretence to fly from her own Gallant, though she expressed but little Curiosity to see mine.

At the Entrance of the Grove, we left the Servants to wait with our Horses, 'till we returned. In my first Visit, I perceived by *Philocles's* Discourse, that when the Evening was fair, he constantly spent it in the charming Bower, where we now found him reading Dr. YOUNG's *true Estimate of Human Life*, with such Attention, he did not immediately see us, and seemed surprised at the Encounter.

It diverted me, to find his Philosophy discomposed; I began to flatter myself, it was the Effect of my Charms: The Hopes of such a Conquest delighted me more than all my past Victories; it gave a sudden Vivacity to my Thoughts, and

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and resolving by my Wit to secure the Conquest of my Eyes, I began with great Gaiety to rally him on his recluse Manner of Life, and losing his gayest Hours in a joyless Solitude.

By this Time the young Stoick had assumed his natural Superiority, and instead of replying (as I expected) in a gallant and modest Strain, he talk'd to me of the Satisfactions of Virtue, the Tranquillity of the Mind in the Rectitude of its Passions; Themes which from another Person would have compos'd me better than a Dose of *Laudarum*: But here,

“ ————— *The grave Rebuke,*
“ *Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace*
“ *Invincible* —————

Like the Fallen Angel in *Milton*:

“ ————— *Abash'd I stood,*
“ *And felt how awful Goodness is, and saw*
“ *Virtue how lovely in her Native Shape!*

The Glory that darted from his Eyes, the agreeable Accent, the moving Eloquence that flowed from those rosy Lips, commanded my whole Attention; had he preached a Sermon, I could patiently have listened to the blooming Orator:

“ ————— *From Morn to Noon,*
“ *From Noon to dewy Eve, a Summer's Day.*
MILTON.

“ And

118 L E T T E R S

And yet I could not forbear sometimes laughing at his Gravity, and begging he would put himself into Holy Orders: But he was not to be rallied out of his Sobriety, nor could I possibly draw from him that Flattery, by which 'till now I had been addressed. He seemed rather to have an Inclination to humble my Vanity.

Charlotte the whole Time sate in a pensive Silence, while the Tears which she strove to conceal, would sometimes drop from her Eyes. *Philocles* in every pause of Conversation survey'd her with Looks that expressed great Humanity; but I was in no Disposition to be jealous of any thing I looked on so inferiour to my self.

However, my Concern to conceal this Affair from my Brother, made me break off the Conversation a little abruptly, that we might be at Home at the usual Hour. As soon as ever we were got alone, I asked *Charlotte*, how she liked the *Haudsome Hermit*. “ Oh (said, she with a tender Emotion) that I had never seen him! ’Till
 “ now I was not sensible of the Injury this Barbarian your Brother has done me: He has cut
 “ me off from all the lawful Joys of Life, from
 “ the Pleasure of a reciprocal Affection for a Man
 “ of Worth and Virtue. With my Innocence I
 “ lost a Right to that Happiness. What! am I
 “ a Prostitute! a kept Mistress! Your Brother’s!
 “ O Infamy! Your Brother’s Wh--e!

If you had not been that (said I) *Charlotte*, you had been a Beggar.

“ Oh envy’d Title (she reply’d,) Oh glorious
 “ Poverty! Thou hast been the Choice of Saints
 “ and

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“ and Heroes; Virtue has made thee her Sanctu-
“ ary, her peaceful Retreat. I could have fed
“ on wholesome Vegetables, quenched my Thirst
“ at some crystal Brook, indulged my harmless
“ Slumbers on the verdant Turf, undisturbed with
“ guilty Fears. Pardon me (said she, recollect-
“ ing herself) these passionate Sallies, I find my-
“ self more than ever undone, condemned to
“ waste my Hours in sullen Obscurity; in the
“ Pride of Life, the Bloom of soft Desires, to
“ languish in solitary Despair: My Conscience
“ will not suffer me to gratify an unlawful Passi-
“ on, nor should any Advantage (were my Guilt
“ a Secret) persuade me to impose on a Man of
“ Worth. I have been true even to this Rake
“ that has undone me, and frustrated all my
“ Hopes of a lawful Happiness.”

That is, my Brother has spoiled your Marriage
(said I), but dear *Charlotte*, why should that
Thought afflict you, who intend to pass your fu-
ture Time in Penitence and Retirement? Has the
Handsome Hermit altered your pious Resolutions?

“ No (she reply'd), he has rather confirm'd
“ them; never had the Cause of Virtue a more
“ resolute Advocate; methinks I see the Beauty
“ that lightened in his Face, I hear the charm-
“ ing Accent still: I felt the Energy of his Argu-
“ ments; my Soul gave its full Assent to the ce-
“ lestial Dictates; I wondered you could so of-
“ ten interrupt the graceful Orator with your
“ ill-tim'd Rallery; I could have listened to his
“ Lecture of Morality, 'till the Midnight Dews
“ had fallen, 'till all the Stars had set.”

“ Dear

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“ Dear *Charlotte* (said I) forgive this Interrup-
 “ tion; I find you are in Love: My Intention is
 “ entirely frustrated of having your Picture
 “ drawn as the Fair Penitent, with a Lamp and
 “ Prayer-Book before you. I perceive you de-
 “ sign yet to converse among sinful Mortals; Will
 “ you go with me to morrow to hear another
 “ Lecture from the charming Divine?

“ Rather (she replied) let me retire to the si-
 “ lent Grave, to conceal my Infamy; I would
 “ not deceive him with an Air of Innocence
 “ while I am conscious of my own Dishonour.
 “ I know my self; this is the Crisis of my Mi-
 “ sery; nothing can obliterate this secret Sense
 “ of Shame; I may retire from the publick view,
 “ as 'tis my full Resolution: But what is a Re-
 “ solution at Sixteen! without peculiar Assist-
 “ ance from Heaven, I shall never conquer the
 “ Dictates of Love and Nature; In this Perz-
 “ plexity, I must either marry some worthless
 “ Wretch that knows my Infamy, or deceive
 “ some Man of Merit, to whom 'tis a Secret.”

Here she burst into a Flood, intreating me to
 write to an Uncle she had, to receive her into his
 Favour, and let her live privately in his Family.
 This I promised, nor despair of prevailing. My
 Concern for her makes me forget 'tis time to
 subscribe myself

Your Humble Servant,

L A U R A.

L E T



L E T T E R V.

To the Same.



HARLOTTE, to her great Satisfaction, has this Morning left us; and is gone to her Uncle, who was easily persuaded to receive her, after he was assured of the Sincerity of her Penitence: But I found it a harder Task to prevail with my Brother to resign the Idol of his Affections though he lost nothing by her Absence, but the Pleasure of gazing on her.

I am in Pain, 'till you know the Sequel of my Adventure with *Philocles*; who since I writ last, has several times by Appointment met me in the delicious Bower, but still to my great Vexation he appeared insensible of any tender Impression: I could discern nothing in his Conversation, but a pious Design to convert me to Christianity, and convince me of the Folly of the new Scheme, to which my Brother had made me a Profelyte.

But the last Time we met, I observed a soft Confusion in his Looks, 'till after a long Pause (which I had no mind to interrupt), "I am going (said he) to set my self in a very ridicu-

R

"lous

“ lous Light to one of your Character ; but I
 “ am content to pass for an Enthusiast, 'till the
 “ Event convinces you of the Truth of what I
 “ shall relate.

“ If a domestick Tradition may be credited,
 “ there has no Person died out of our Family, but
 “ what has had a Warning of their approaching
 “ Fate, by hearing Musick passing through the
 “ House in the dead Silence of the Night, which
 “ is heard by none but the Person concerned :
 “ My Mother and Sister both foretold their own
 “ Death from this Presage. I see you smile (con-
 “ tinued *Philocles*), but I have had the same
 “ Warning, and am superstitious enough to cre-
 “ dit it. Last Night, some trifling Disorder kept
 “ me waking; my Thoughts however were placid
 “ and serene, some Verses I had heard my Sister
 “ repeat in her lastSickness, came fresh into my
 “ Memory ;

“ *While Night in solemn Triumph reigns;*
 “ *Ascend my Soul the heavenly Plains;*
 “ *Thy Flight to those gay Regions take,*
 “ *Angels and God are still awake ;*
 “ *The smiling Stars will light thy Way*
 “ *To the gladsome Realms of Day.*
 “ *While drowsy Men with idle Themes,*
 “ *Fantastick Joys, and airy Dreams,*
 “ *Are entertain'd; do thou converse*
 “ *With Heav'n, and heav'nly Strains rehearse :*
 “ *Visit the peaceful Climes above,*
 “ *And through the Fields of Pleasure rove ;*
 “ *Forget*

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“ *Forget the Scenes of Care and Strife,*
“ *And walk among the Trees of Life;*
“ *Taste the rich Fruits of Paradise,*
“ *And bath in flowing Streams of Bliss:*
“ *Solac’d in those eternal Springs,*
“ *Lose ev’ry Thought of mortal Things.*

“ Just as I had repeated these Verses, I was
“ serenaded by an invisible Musician, with the
“ sweetest Strains that ever delighted mortal Ears:
“ The harmonious Echo seemed to pass from
“ Room to Room, ’till it came into my Cham-
“ ber, where after a short Space it sunk away
“ in a gentle Cadence.

“ I knew my Obsequies were now sung, and
“ heard the fatal Summons without Surprise;
“ Death was a Theme familiar to my Thoughts,
“ as I neither expected or desired to reach the
“ Decline of Life.”

I listened to this Story as to a Fairy Tale, or
a sort of waking Dream; as gravely as he told it,
I could not forbear laughing.

“ This, Madam (said he), is what I expected;
“ but it will not make me less serious on a Sub-
“ ject of such Importance. You have often ral-
“ lied me on a manner of Life so unsuitable to
“ my Years; perhaps it may be more the Effect
“ of Reason than Inclination; my Brother’s
“ tragical End convinced me of the fatal Effects
“ of Love, and made me resolve never to ad-
“ mit that distracting Passion to my Breast: But
“ whatever Opposition I have made, my Heart
“ has not been insensible of your Charms, nor

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“ with all my Philosophy, sufficiently guarded
 “ against the Allurements of Love and soft De-
 “ fire: Even now, when I find myself disenga-
 “ ged from every other Care, I have the utmost
 “ Solicitude for your Happiness; I am distressed
 “ to leave you in this State of Infidelity; for this
 “ is the last Interview we shall have, unless I am
 “ permitted to make you a Visit from the immor-
 “ tal Regions, in order to convince you, that
 “ the Hopes of Christianity are no Delusion.”

“ This Proposal (said I) charms me, there
 “ would be no resisting such Evidence. I hope you
 “ will prove a Ghost of Honour, and not fail the
 “ Assignation, which on my side shall be punctu-
 “ ally kept, on condition you appear in open
 “ Day-light, and dressed in your celestial Finery:
 “ with these Circumstances I may venture to pro-
 “ mise you, neither to run away, nor fall into
 “ Fits. The Place of your Reception (though
 “ not perhaps suitable to your future Dignity),
 “ shall be a painted Alcove, fronting a Walk sha-
 “ ded with Limes at the End of my Brother’s
 “ Garden.”

“ The Gaiety (replied *Philocles*) with which
 “ you treat this Subject, persuades me, you have
 “ Courage enough to be as good as your Word;
 “ which is the last and only Favour I have to ask.
 “ I must now bid you farewell, and in the Re-
 “ tirement of my Closet, prepare to make my
 “ Exit, with a Fortitude becoming those sacred
 “ Principles, to which I have adhered.”

Here with a tender Confusion in his Looks, he
 abruptly left the Place, and gave me Leisure to
 reflect

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reflect on the odd Conversation that had passed: But as visionary as some part of it appears, I would fain believe the soft Confession he made is no Fiction, for I find my self excessively in Love; but this shall be a Secret to the young Enthusiast, 'till he has got over this Splenetick Fit, which, as whimsical as it appears, gives me a secret Uneasiness: He has certainly infected me with some Religious Panicks; I have lost my Taste for every Kind of Diversion; Company is molesting, and Solitude tiresome; Self-reflection distracts me; whether I look forward or backward, the Prospect is all Confusion. But I shall expose myself, by owning these Weaknesses to one of your Character. Adieu, &c.

LAURA.

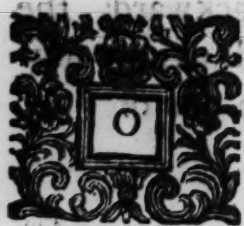


L E T.



LETTER VI.

To AURELIA.



H my *Aurelia*! I have surprising Things to tell you! the lovely *Philocles* is dead; His Presages were too certain: About a Week after our last Interview, I heard the melancholy Tidings, that Sir *Harry Lizzard* had lost his only Son by a sudden Death. The charming Youth was impatient of Mortality, and is gone to converse with his Kindred Angels.

You will wonder to hear me treat those Subjects seriously, which I have till now ridiculed; 'tis a Change that I my self can hardly Credit; I never imagined my Inclinations were so tenderly engaged, nor that any Kind of Adversity could have made such an Alteration on my Temper.

After the first Emotions of Grief were over, I recollected the Appointment we had made, but rather wished than believed such an Interview possible; however, my Mind was prepared for Conviction, I began to reason with *Cato*,

“ — H

“ ——— If there's a Pow'r Above,
 “ He must delight in Virtue, ———
 “ And that which he delights in must be happy.

I found myself now interested in the Truths of Christianity; the firm Belief of a Life everlasting, would in this Exigence have been my greatest Consolation; my Hopes and Fears prevailed by Intervals, and kept me in the most tormenting Suspence, while I waited for the decisive Hour: As soon as it came, without any Consternation I attended at the appointed Place.

It was a charming Retreat, where Art and luxurious Nature displayed their various Beauties; the Evening was still, the Sun in golden Splendor descending to the Western Skies, glittered through the Trees: Every thing looked gay, new Life and Beauty appeared on all the vernal Prospect; the Plants put on a fresher Green, the Flowers display'd a brighter Hue, and diffused ambrosial Fragrancy: Nature seemed animated with a conscious Joy, as gladden'd at the Approach of some Heavenly Power.

An unusual Alacrity inspired my Thoughts, and soothed my Soul with a secret Delight; while a soft melodious Sound, rising by just Degrees, filled the Region round with transporting Harmony.

In the Height of these agreeable Agitations, as the rosy Morning breaks from a Cloud, the charming *Philosles* stood apparent before me: There was something

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Something in his Aspect so serene and beneficent, such a Sweetness and Affability, that banished every Thought of Fear, and filled my Breast with divine Tranquillity; ineffable Pleasure sparkled in his Eyes; Youth in eternal Triumph sat on his Brow, and painted his Face with a rosy Bloom; His Temples were circled with a Wreath of celestial Roses, which were mingled among his flowing Hair, with a sort of ornamental Negligence.

After a short Pause, he began with a Voice that would have allayed the Anguish of Death, and charmed the wildest Discord into calm Attention; every Accent breathed celestial Love and Harmony, while he described the Bowers of Bliss, the soft Recesses and Mansions of immortal Pleasure.

But 'tis impossible for me to paint the beautiful Ideas, or imitate the Emphasis of his Language; the Powers of Eloquence sat on his Tongue, and commanded all the Motions of my Soul, which at that blissful Period seemed enlarged in its superior Faculties; every Word was penetrating and significant, his manner perfectly graceful and transporting; In his Descriptions I saw the Glories, I felt the Joys of Immortality. But in the midst of my Attention to the sparkling Orator, I could not help observing, that he often cast his Eye on the Shadow of a Dial, which was placed on the Top of a little Marble Pedestal, on which with a becoming Gesture he leaned with his Right Hand. I fancied his Time was limited; for at the last
Glance

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Glance I saw him cast on the Dial, he vanished, and with him all my Joys.

This momentary View of celestial Beauty has obscured all earthly Glory: Never will the Sun disclose a Scene of Pleasure to my Sight; the Vanities which lately amused me, have lost their Charms; my Thoughts are fixed on superior Objects, a divine and immortal Ardor inspires my Soul, and determines all its Motions: With the Evidence I now have of a future Existence, my Notions of Happiness are refined and enlarged, my Hopes bright and unlimited.

Adieu, my dear *Aurelia*, I am not without Hopes, that this Relation will have the same Effect on your Practice, as the heavenly Vision has on that of,

MADAM, *Your most humble Servant,*

LAURA.

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